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A RECOLLECTION.

BY GEORGE N. LOVEJOY.

The rose looked fairer as it lay
On her cold breast that summer day,
And sweeter smelled its guileless breath
Above the heart so still in death.
Beholding her the eye could trace
A tender smile on her calm face,
While on her lips one could not miss
The impress of love's last fond kiss.

She seemed as one fast fallen asleep,
Like one in blissful dream and deep:
Or like an angel in repose,
Breathing the breath of a white rose.
And yet her quiet loveliness
A deeper meaning did express—
And full of such a solemn power
As makes one dumb in such an hour.

We bended down and kissed the face
So white and sad, yet full of grace;
And felt the lily hands that pressed,
As in fond prayer, the beauteous breast,
And dropped a tear of sad regret
O'er one whose lovely bloom had set
In rarer hues, and sweetest scent,
In God's bless'd garden of content.

TIFF.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "A GREAT MISTAKE," "ROSE OF THE WORLD," ETC., ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER VII.—[CONTINUED.]

DICK was standing moodily in the half-deserted ball-room when he saw his cousin coming across to him.

"The next is our waltz," she said, in a curious feverish way.

"You won't forget. It will be the last—really and truly the last—that you and I shall ever dance together in the Casino at Dinard."

"Ninon! Have you——"

"The music is beginning," she said impatiently.

"Do you want Sir Robert to come back and bother me about my shawl? I don't want it now. I am burning hot! Come!"

They had taken only a turn however when she commanded him very abruptly to stop.

Sir Robert was standing immovably, with her white lace scarf on his arm, at the other end of the room.

"I am stifling," she said irritably. "Take me on to the balcony, Dick. The band plays so loud—it is maddening."

He obeyed, wondering.

The balcony was deserted.

The children's voices were silent now: but the plaintive music of the waltz sounded sweetly through the open windows and blended with the plash of the waves.

Behind them were the lit-up windows and their flitting shadows.

The stars shone in steadfast splendor in the purple midnight sky.

Ninon stood and looked across the sea, her hands clasped before her, the little faint sea-breeze ruffling the dying white roses in her hair and carrying their delicate fragrance to Dick's longing lips.

The girl's small dark head, her slender white shape, were clearly defined against the dark and moonlit sweep of the waters. Dick was in no hurry to break the silence.

To be alone with her, to be permitted to gaze unwatched at her matchless beauty to breathe the breath of the flowers she wore—that was happiness enough for him.

The waltz still sounded from the ball-room, the waltz that she had danced with him, in which he had held her in his arms and felt her pretty hand upon his shoulder and her quickened breathing upon his cheek.

The delirium in his blood had not yet throbbed itself away.

He hardly dared to speak, for fear of betraying all that he felt, and he knew that he must never betray it.

Then he suddenly became aware that Ninon was crying.

"Ninon!" he said, amazed. "My dear, what can you have to cry about?"

"Oh, nothing of course!" said the girl, still looking away from him, while great tears rolled down her cheeks and dropped upon the balustrade by which she stood. "I am perfectly happy; I ought to be perfectly happy, oughtn't I? You all tell me how pretty I am. I am the best-dressed girl, thanks to Katherine, in Dinard. I am flattered and followed, and envied, I dare say, by other women. If they only knew"—she broke into a bitter laugh—"what an impostor I am, how little right I have to the position into which Lady Ingram has thrust me!"

"Ninon!"

"You told me the story of your life that night on the ramparts of Mont Saint Michael.

"I did not tell you mine.

"Perhaps you think, Dick, that it is all roses and waltzes and compliments, as it has been for the past few weeks; but indeed it is not."

"You poor child!"

"If the men knew that I had a sister who has scrubbed and toiled and fetched and carried that I might be able to fancy myself a fine lady and to speak German and play and sing, what would they think of Miss Masserene then?"

"My dear, it has not been your fault," urged Dick gently.

"Perhaps not until now," said the girl bitterly.

"But it is my fault, and no one else's, that I am here, and that Tiffany is by herself at Avranches.

"Do you remember what Thackeray says in one of his books, Dick, about the Circassian girls—how for the one that is pretty all the family denies itself that she may have her baths and oils and fetch a high price at the market? That is exactly my case and my dear little Tiff's.

"It is no harm to tell you, Dick; you are our cousin."

"Do not tell me it hurts you," he answered, his eyes fastened on her beautiful young face.

"If it hurts me to tell it," she cried passionately, "what do you think it has been for Tiff to feel it?"

She struggled for composure.

"I don't know when," she said, "I first began to find out that my little sister—she is four years younger than I—wanted some one to take care of her. You read in novels don't you, sometimes, of cruel step-mothers who sacrifice everything to the interest of their own children? But you would hardly believe me if I told you of a mother who hates her own child because she is little and insignificant and plain—of slights and injuries and neglect inflicted on her own flesh and blood.

"I don't remember much about my childhood, except that we seemed always to be poor, and that we have lived always in France.

"I was twelve years old when I was sent away to school, and Tiff was eight. I cried because I was obliged to leave her, and she cried and clung to me as soon as she was old enough; but year after year passed, and there was always some excuse. She never wrote to me. She was not allowed; I suppose she did not even get my letters always. I did not go home for my holidays at all, but spent the five years at the school without one break. And then I came back."

Her tears were falling faster and faster.

"Don't—pray don't!" whispered Dick passionately.

"I can't bear to see you cry."

"No; why should I cry?" she said. "It is Tiffany who should cry. I have never known, as she has, what it is to be cold and poorly clad and ill-fed. Oh, it sounds terrible, I know! But the most terrible part about it is that it is true. While I was safe at my school in Paris, with refined surroundings at least, and with the means of acquiring all accomplishments, the little sister with whom I used to play when we were children together, who had slept in my bed and prayed by my side, had been living the life of any common drudge that she might save the expense of a nurse. Do you know what it means? She had to get up in the bitter cold mornings to light the fire; she had to carry the water up three flights of stairs—and she is growing fast—she is not strong; she had to cook and scrub and mend early and late, and she scarcely knew how to read or write. You can hardly believe me. I do well to be here, don't I, in a ball-dress from Worth, when my poor little Tiff is all by herself in a third-story flat at Avranches, with no one to protect her a little or to say a kind word to her now that I am away?"

Dick did not know what to say.

"It is altered now, of course," he suggested soothingly.

"But that cannot give her back all the time she has lost. It cannot make up for cold and hunger and neglect she has suffered for five long years. Oh"—Ninon clasped her hands—"when I think of it, I hate myself for being here! When Lady Ingram came and offered to take me away with her I knew that it was base of me to go, though I said to myself that it was partly for Tiffany's sake, that perhaps I could interest Lady Ingram in her. I knew very well that it was not true—it was because I wanted to travel and to wear fine clothes and be admired."

"Ninon—no, my dear, no!"

"Yes!" the girl sobbed.

"But I will go back to her to-morrow. I will not stay here another day, acting a lie and despising myself. Nothing shall induce me to stay. Dick"—she clung to his arm—"you will help me with Katherine, you will take my part, you will not listen to anything she may say?"

"No one shall say a word to hurt you, dear!" whispered the young man.

"And you are brave enough, I know, to do what you feel to be right without any fear of the consequences."

"No, no," she laughed hysterically: "I am a coward, I am horribly afraid! I don't want to go. But—it is for Tiffany! And so good-bye to Dinard and the Daphne and my pretty white gowns: the summer is over for me, Dick, and for you."

The waltz sank and swelled, then ceased.

They could hear the children's voices again on the beach and the plash of the waves, as they sang.

* * * * * *

Dick was charmed with Ninon's eager anxiety as they reached Avranches the next day.

They were not expected, naturally, owing to the young lady's impetuous method of arranging matters; and she pleased herself by picturing Tiffany's surprise and delight at her sudden return.

Lady Ingram, after a somewhat stormy scene, had submitted with as good a grace as she could to her young cousin's unlooked for decision, hoping that a few days of the maternal roof would do more, after Ninon's recent experiences of a very different existence, to persuade the girl to return to her protection than any argument that could possibly be brought to bear upon the subject.

"Dick and I are going to scramble up the hill," Ninon announced gaily, as they emerged from the little station. "We will leave you, Katherine, to drive in solitary state, if you like, in the omnibus from the Lion d'Or."

"I am sure I wish you both joy of the dust and the heat," answered Lady Ingram composedly.

"But really such zeal on Dick's part for sight-seeing deserves to be rewarded. Be sure to point out to him, my dear Ninon, the old stone cross on the way—if you are not both more agreeably engaged—and the oil-lamps with which the primitive Avranches mind still contents itself in this progressive age.

"If I remember aright, there is a convenient bench under each lamp-post as you ascend the hill.

"Do not linger too long, my dear children, in the evening air. In Sir Robert's absence I have no doubt, Dick, you will have it all your own way for a while."

"Katherine," protested Ninon meekly, "Dick and I are not witty ourselves, and, rather than be the cause of so much caustic wit in another, we will submit to the omnibus, though it is seven o'clock on a hot August evening.

"Please, Dick, help me in. I will show you the view from the hill behind the Palais de Justice another time when we have dear old Tiff to protect us from the unmerited ridicule of our relatives."

Dick looked as if he would infinitely have preferred the walk with his fair cousin—it would have been like the old happy days when no one had disputed her society with him: but there was of course no more to be said.

And at least he was sitting opposite to Ninon, whose great eyes were dazzling and her pale cheeks glowing with an unwonted flush as she chattered on excitedly about her sister and old Francine the nurse, and all the small joys of her coming home.

The young man found it hard to believe that this was the same girl who had queened it so carelessly over her little world in Dinard, the girl who had sobbed out her full heart to him on the balcony of the Casino, as she stood by his side with the dying roses on her breast, and the sound of the sea blending with the music of the children's rounds below.

The luggage was piled on the roof; the omnibus rattled leisurely along the road and up the steep hill that leads to the picturesque little town perched on its summit.

Mrs. Masserene and her daughters inhabited a third story flat in the Rue des Quatre Ecus, the dormer windows of which were filled with geraniums, scarlet and crimson and pink and white.

Behind this blaze of midsummer color were coolness and darkness; and above the blossoming bank of flowers Dick, and Lady Ingram too, now saw a woman in a somewhat dingy cotton wrapper look eagerly out with the other inhabitants of the house, who had all hastened to their windows as the omnibus stopped at the door.

"You will go on to the hotel with me, Dick," said Lady Ingram hastily. "I really do not feel equal to seeing any one until we have dined."

Dick hesitated and looked beseechingly at Ninon.

The girl broke into a laugh.

"Go and dine," she said gaily.

"Francine has a temper.

"I dare not introduce a hungry stranger at this hour.

"I shall have to be contented, I dare say," with a sudden pretty tremor in her voice. "I have been so happy—happier than I ever thought to be in all my life. Yes, I will kiss you, whether you like it or not, and with the eyes of all Avranches upon us. What else have I to give you, in return for all your kindness and patience and generosity, but a kiss?"

"Come back to me to-morrow, child," said Lady Ingram, submitting patiently enough to the touch of the charming lips on her cheek."

"That is the best proof you can give me that you have been happy."

Ninon shook her head, laughing; and, as the omnibus drove away, she entered

the hall and began to run up the dingy old staircase.

"Tiff!" she cried joyfully, as she reached her step-mother's door.

"Tiff, where are you, now? I have come back!"

Only Francine came to meet her, smiling all over her sour old face.

Mrs. Masserene, it appeared, was hastily making a toilette in expectation of Lady Ingram's appearance.

Old Francine lifted her two hands in admiration of the young lady's white gown and increased beauty.

Gracious, but they had all missed her since she went away!

And would she like an omelette and a salad?

They should be prepared at once.

Ninon had hard work to stem the shrill torrent of the old woman's greeting, and to ask, as she ran from door to door looking into the vacant rooms, what had become of her sister.

"Where is she? Where can she be?" she cried feeling as if the place were horribly empty and dull.

"Francine, tell me where mademoiselle is, that I may go and find her."

"Ha! The little one is not far off," said the cook, beginning to spread the cloth in the little bare wooden dining-room.

"They dance to-night at Madame Revier's, and she is gone to her lesson. Mademoiselle will sup first. There is no hurry. Madame is there. Madame"—she raised her voice—"there is no one but Mademoiselle Ninon. You may come out."

She bustled back into her kitchen, while Mrs. Masserene put her head out of the bed-room, and seeing Ninon was indeed alone, flung the door wide and advanced, looking somewhat put out, but pleased too at sight of the beautiful young creature who in her exquisite Paris toilette and with her refined proud face, seemed so utterly out of place in the shabby little room.

"Why did not Lady Ingram come up?" she demanded, as she gave her step-daughter a sharp little peck on each cheek. "And what brings you back so soon. Are you tired of Dinard? Are you going to England?"

"Katherine will explain," said Ninon briefly.

"How is Tiff? She is at her dancing-lesson, I hear. How does she like her new dresses?"

"Oh, never mind Tiffany!" interrupted Mrs. Masserene, a stout little woman who reminded one irresistibly of a sturdy Shetland pony.

Her faded gown was set off with a good deal of cheap silver jewelry, her hair was frizzled on her forehead.

"Tell us all about your trip. I must say it has done you good. And what an elegant dress! Francine"—she raised her voice, and added in execrable French.—"is not mademoiselle looking well?"

"She is!" was shouted back from the kitchen, where Francine was breaking eggs for her omelette.

"It is what I said to mamzelle but just now."

"Sit down and tell us all about it," urged Mrs. Masserene, as Ninon stood, pale and chilly-looking, by the table, without thinking of taking off her hat or gloves.

"Has Lady Ingram done the handsome thing?

"Who was the young gentleman I saw in the bus?

"Here, give me your hat. Make yourself at home child."

She took Ninon's hat from her nerveless hands and pulled forward one of the wooden chairs, into which the girl sank, feeling as if she were in a disagreeable dream.

Her home was not a refined one, she knew; but had it really always been as vulgar, as depressing as it now appeared? How mean and shrunken the room seemed! How loud her step-mother's voice sounded! How tawdry the innumerable silver bangles looked on her honest red wrists!

Old Francine came in with the omelette; and the girl, making an effort to rouse herself from the stupor which had taken possession of her, sat down to eat it at a corner of the table.

"Let me see you make a good supper now," urged Mrs. Masserene, "though"—with a small chuckle of exultation—"I suppose you have been used to everything much more stylish since you went away. I am dying to hear about it.

"And where are you off to next? I should like to have a look at your new things before you go away."

Ninon went on with her omelette in silence.

It was easier to endure her step-mother's conversation than to announce to her the startling news that she had come back to stay with Tiffany, and had resolved to decline all Lady Ingram's offers of further protection.

There would be a horrible scene when that was made known, she knew; but with something of her father's easy philosophy, the girl put off the evil hour as long as might be.

"You haven't told me who the young gentleman is in the bus," urged Mrs. Masserene slurply.

"One of your beaux, I suppose? But don't you be in a hurry to decide. You can have your pick, if ever a girl could in this world!"

Ninon's delicate lips contracted.

"He is a cousin of Lady Ingram's," she explained curtly—"Mr. Strong."

"You don't say so! Where did you pick him up?

"Isn't he coming to pay his respects to your mother?"

"Yes; he is coming with Katherine as soon as they have dined. I want him to see Tiffany.

"He is our cousin too. His mother was a Beaufoy as well as mine. Hadn't you better send Francine to Madame Riviere's for Tiff before they come?"

"Francine has something else to do besides running after Tiffany!" exclaimed Mrs. Masserene shrilly.

"I am not going to have her dancing attendance on that child! And what can Mr. Strong want of the likes of her! I declare——"

"That is enough," said Ninon in her calmest voice—when she spoke in that tone, her step-mother always lowered her strident accents by instinct.

"Dick and I will go and bring her home. She may as well have her fun out, poor child! It is not much enjoyment she gets, Heaven knows!"

"Now, Ninon!" protested Mrs Masserene. "The idea of your taking your cousin—and a Beaufoy—to people like the Rivieres! Why, they are nothing but wine-merchants! I should think you would have more pride——"

"Than to be ashamed of the only people who have ever shown us a kindness in this place," interrupted Ninon quietly. "You are quite right, I have. Not that there is any particular merit in it, considering that they are rich and we are poor, and that all the condescension is undoubtedly on Madame Riviere's side."

"It is no such a thing!" declared her step-mother hotly.

"The Masserenes can hold their heads as high as anybody, and you know it Ninon!"

"I did not know it," retorted the girl with a pale and scornful smile. "I thought we had fallen low enough in the world. But it is really far too warm for arguing."

She rose, in spite of Mrs. Masserene's urgent entreaties that she should eat more—some cold meat, a slice of melon—girls must eat if they wanted to keep up their good looks! There was no mistaking the woman's eager pride in her beautiful young step-daughter.

"Well, if you won't," she said, as Ninon opened the door of the bed-room she shared with her sister, "you had better go and titivate a bit, and I'll see that the salon is in order against our company comes."

Ninon paused in the doorway.

On her own unused bed lay, unmade, the pretty pillow-cases, the grenadines, which she had chosen so carefully in Paris for her sister.

"What are these?" she asked abruptly, turning and looking her step-mother straight in the eyes. Mrs. Masserene avoided the gaze.

"They are Tiffany's things. What else should they be?"

"They are not made yet!"

"Who was going to make them, I should like to know! Do you suppose I have any money to spare for dressmakers' bills, after the education you have had, and——"

"What has she on to-night!" persisted Ninon, still in the same quiet voice.

"Oh, she's right enough!"—sharply.

"You never mind Tiffany! She's as well dressed as she deserves to be—an idle young madam!"

"All her last year's gowns are too short," said Ninon. "You said mine were too shabby for me to wear, and we had them at the same time."

She went into the bed-room and closed the door.

Her hands were clenched, her eyes glittering.

She stood for some moments looking straight before her, and then suddenly her eyes softened with tears, her fingers relaxed she caught up a little faded frock that was flung carelessly across Tiffany's bed and covered it with kisses.

"She has nobody but me:" she said.

"How could I ever have had the heart to go and leave her?"

She began hastily to unbutton her own pretty fantastic costume, and went to the old wooden press that was let into the wall for one with which to replace it.

Cinderella's transformation after the ball was not more complete than Miss Masserene's when she presently went into the small saloon, where her step-mother was busily removing the faded chints covers from the crimson rep chairs and the straight backed sofa, and dusting the numerous cheap ornaments with a long feather-brush.

Mrs. Masserene stopped short in her work to look at the girl, and she broke into a sound of fierce annoyance.

"What in the world is the meaning of this!" she demanded loudly, putting her hands on her hips.

Ninon made no reply, but began to assist in the arrangement of the little room.

Nothing could possibly obscure Miss Masserene's beauty; but, after her white Worth costume of a few minutes before, the change was trying to the washed out blue gingham she now wore, which was somewhat short in the sleeves and antiquated in cut.

"Ninon, what have you gone and made yourself look such a guy for?" her step-mother persisted shortly. "And company coming! Go and take that thing off directly. Do you hear?"

"Tiffany has got on her old blue gingham," answered Ninon quietly. "You know very well that we always dress alike when I am at home. And, besides"—she hesitated for a moment, then went on steadily—"the gown I had on just now belongs by rights to Lady Ingram. It was given to me under a certain condition that I don't intend to fulfil. You had better go and take off your apron, and let me finish the dusting."

Mrs. Masserene began to shed tears of vexation.

"Yes go and spoil your hands next!" she said.

"You shan't have the feather-brush; so there!

"If Miss Tiffany must go gadding about to dancing-lessons instead of stopping at home and making herself useful, it is I who have to suffer for it, never fear! And I wouldn't complain if you would only show some proper feeling.

"But, after all the sacrifices I have made"—volubly—"after having worked my fingers to the bone, as you well know, to keep you like a lady and a Masserene, you think no more of me than of the dirt beneath your feet; and it's nothing but Tiffany, Tiffany, Tiffany, from morning till night!"

The girl stood pale and silent until the storm were itself out.

Such scenes were almost a daily occurrence.

She had almost forgotten to wonder at them, unnatural as was the situation—the mother setting herself against her own child, jealous even of her step-daughter's pity for her, sacrificing all things to some blind notion of pride in that step-daughter's fair face and all that it was to do towards raising the fallen fortunes of her family.

Every one agreed that a handsomer, more fascinating fellow had never breathed than Gerald Masserene; but he had no luck.

Things seemed to go dead against him.

He had been—as he usually was—very hard up and heavily in debt when he took Miss Hannah Burdock's furnished lodgings in Boulogne for himself and his motherless four-year-old daughter, and he stayed there hoping for something to turn up.

He only fell ill.

It was his usual luck.

But he was, at least, very carefully and tenderly nursed by Miss Burdock, who was won—as most women were—by his handsome Irish face and very fluent Irish tongue.

Finding himself, on his recovery, unable to discharge his double debt of money and of gratitude by any other means, he married the bustling and commonplace spinster, after which, feeling perhaps that life in such circumstances was hardly worth living, he died shortly after poor little Tiffany's birth, as Lady Ingram had explained to Dick, leaving his widow to provide for herself and the two children as best she could.

She had saved a little money, poor soul, by her lodgings, and she was used to working.

She resolved that Gerald Masserene's daughter should have such an education as befitted her birth.

Accordingly the child was sent at an early age to a boarding-school at Neuilly, while Mrs. Masserene resigned herself to a life of shabby-genteel drudgery once more, in order that Ninon at least should want for nothing, and in order to hide from her little step-daughter's observant eyes all the vulgar details of her hard-working existence.

She was inordinately proud, poor woman, of her late husband's descent.

She had called her own little girl Tiffany—an old name in his family—hoping that she would grow up to look as like the "magnificent Masserenes" as Ninon already bade fair to do.

But unhappily Tiffany took after the Burdocks.

Mrs. Masserene saw from a very early age that nothing was to be made of her, and concentrated all her energies on the beauty of the family.

The widow had pushed her way cleverly enough since her husband's death.

She had not been above asking an occasional favor of the well-to-do members of his family—there were but few such—though until lately she had not dared to make application to the Beaufoys, who had never forgiven the first Mrs. Masserene, Ninon's mother, for her rash and most unhappy marriage.

While Ninon was at school, it was perhaps the charges of some extra accomplishment which the widow had wheedled out of one, or a trunk full of discarded clothing for herself and Tiffany out of another.

When the time drew near for her step-daughter's return from the school near Paris, Mrs. Masserene decided that it would ruin the girl's prospects if she herself continued to let lodgings; accordingly she sold her furniture and removed with Tiffany to the distant town of Avranches, where the English colony would of course be entirely ignorant of her antecedents.

Ninon, for economy's sake, and also because poor Mrs. Masserene wished to keep her as far as was possible in ignorance of what went on at home, had always spent the holidays at school; so that the sisters grew up strangers to each other during the ten years in which Gerald Masserene's widow had been pinching and saving to pay Ninon's bills.

Little Tiffany took her chances of education at home.

She was fit for nothing, her disappointed mother often declared, but to be a drudge, whereas any one could see that the young Ninon's brilliant beauty fitted her as clearly for a brilliant position.

Mrs. Masserene could not help being proud of her splendid young step-daughter when at last her education was declared to be finished, and she came home for good to the flat in the Street of the Four Eggs.

The widow exulted secretly in Ninon's unconscious pride towards the few people whose acquaintance she herself had picked up since her arrival in Avranches.

The girl seemed to walk about in a little smiling melancholy world of her own, from which everything and everybody, except Tiffany, were excluded.

And, though Tiffany's mother was herself among the number, she always consoled herself by remembering what right Gerald Masserene's young daughter had to be exclusive.

The best room, the prettiest gown, the daintiest food, would certainly have been lavished on Ninon if she had chosen to accept what was denied to her sister.

And out of her quiet determination to make Tiffany her equal in all things rose many and many a painful and degrading scene like the present, when Mrs. Masserene, dusting, crying, scolding all at once, charged her with the basest ingratitude, with want of respect for her father's memory, and threatened to pack Tiffany off out of her reach if Ninon persisted in allowing the child to interfere with all her chances in life.

Unhappy, in the midst of this domestic tempest, Lady Ingram appeared at the door of the saloon, followed by Dick.

It was altogether too late to attempt to hide the feather-brush or her soiled apron; but Mrs. Masserene did her best to conceal her tears and to greet her visitors in her most "lady-like" manner.

"You must really excuse me, your ladyship," she said, her manner and accent undergoing some mysterious and disagreeable change, and becoming very affected.

"You have caught me in all my dishabille.

"Be seated, I beg. And this young gentleman is a cousin of Ninon's, she tells me? Proud to see you, sir."

Lady Ingram was reduced to a helpless silence.

Ninon, who was still looking very pale and cold, said abruptly—

"Katherine, Dick and I are going to bring Tiffany home. I shall leave you to explain why"—with a little gulp—"I have come back so soon."

She summoned Dick with an imploring gesture; and hastily excusing himself to Mrs. Masserene, the young man followed his cousin from the room.

Ninon caught up her hat and gloves from a chair in the dining-room.

"Come!" she said.

"I can't breathe until I get out of the house."

He followed her in silence down the old staircase, and out into the dusky air where the scent of the flowers in the open windows mingled with the unsavory exhalations of the undrained, unswept streets of the little foreign town.

CHAPTER VIII.

"LET us go into the gardens for a few minutes," said Ninon quickly. "I don't want to see Tiff until I have cooled down a little. Oh"—clenching her hands—"if I could only earn, or beg, or steal enough money to repay that woman for all she has spent upon me, that Tiffany and I might go away together somewhere and be at peace!"

"Poor little Ninon! Poor little cousin!" whispered Dick soothingly; and at the words, so tenderly spoken, Ninon broke into a sudden fit of sobbing as she walked along at his side.

"It is nothing," she said brokenly. "I shall soon be better. Forgive me for crying—I cannot help it!"

He did not say a word until they had crossed the market-place and reached the gardens of the Eveche, where the statue of Valhubert shone white and tall among the trees in the dusk, and hardly a soul was to be seen in the pretty green alleys or the shady terraced walk whose steps led down to the silent fountains.

The boy and girl sat down on one of the benches under the limes, and Ninon cried and cried to her heart's content.

She let Dick hold her hand and whisper a word of sympathy from time to time.

The garden was all but deserted; the few people who passed by took no notice of the young figures in the beautiful deepening twilight.

"I am very silly!"

Ninon said it at last, controlling her trembling lips and voice.

"It is nothing new at all. It is only a part of what I told you of last night at the Casino.

"It is what Tiff and I have often had to bear before—what we shall always have to bear, I suppose. I see no help for it?"

"Not if you go to England?" asked Dick gently.

"How can I do that?"—reproachfully. "Do you think I will ever leave Tiffany again?"

"But if Tiffany goes too?"

Ninon shook her head.

"Katherine would never hear of it," she said, "or I should say yes—oh how gladly! Dick, don't think it shameful of me to talk about all this.

"She is my father's widow, I know, and Tiff's mother; but she is so hard upon her. Does it not seem too dreadful to be true? Her own child, and the dearest, brightest, most uncomplaining little creature?"

"Tiff has you always," whispered Dick. "You will take care of her."

"Yes; but I am so helpless. And how can I ever make up to her for the years she has lost?

"Besides, you see"—the girl's lips trembled into a melancholy smile—"I cannot resist temptation.

"I went away and left her, though I knew all she would have to bear. I was heartless and cruel! I don't deserve to have such a sister."

"I wish you were near my mother," whispered Dick again.

"I am such a blundering fellow, I don't know how to advise. But my mother always sees a way out of difficulties; and so does Mary."

"Come," said Ninon abruptly, standing

up and drying her eyes, "we are forgetting Tiff.

"We must not be late, or let her come home by herself.

"Now you shall see the society, Dick, to which Tiff and I are accustomed. The English people will have nothing to say to us, you know.

"We are outcasts—even in Avranches! But the Rivieres are the kindest people in the world; and these dancing-lessons are an amusement to Tiff, who has so few, poor child!"

"What warm weather for dancing-lessons!" cried Dick, who heard another suspicious tremor in Ninon's sweet voice.

"Oh, but Tiff only goes to look on; and people in these out-of-the-way places must take them when they can get them! There is a little professor of dancing who comes during his own holiday from Rennes, and Madame Rivieres allows him to give the lessons in an empty room in her house, and to bring as many people as he can get to join her son and daughter.

"Adele is very fond of my little Tiff, and insists on her going to see the dancing. Here we are! Can't you hear that dreadful little fiddle squeaking away in the third story?"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Shells of the Ocean.

BY ERNEST L. SMITH.

"IT'S somebody with a name six syllables long," said the landlord, looking into the lining of his coarse straw hat, as if he expected to find the troublesome epithet there.

"It ain't a professor, nor yet a philosopher, nor a pedestrian"—with a grasp at each of the hard words—"but it's something that begins with a P.

"And he's huntin' for shells—all sorts of queer outlandish shells, as isn't to be come across every day."

"Do tell!" said the landlord's wife.

"P'raps he's goin' to grind 'em into fertilizing powder, or macadamize a road with 'em."

"No, he ain't," said her husband.

"He's goin' to publish a book of picters about 'em."

"Then he's an editor," said Mrs. Stubbs.

"'Tain't quite that, neither," said Mr. Stubbs slowly.

"But it's something very wise and learned.

"So I told him he had better go to Yorkes'.

"The young woman there has a mortal nice collection of out-of-the-way shells.

"And I've heerd of their selling shells to them as fancied 'em, once in awhile, for all they're such high-toned gentlefolks."

That had been Mr. Silas Stubbs' advice, and Mr. Cleve, the paleontologist, had taken it, and was even then walking along the shingly beach, where the waves curled in foamy fringes almost up to his feet, and the trails of seaweed showed the highwater mark.

Major Yorke—he had been major nobody knew how many years ago, before the Yorke estate had melted in the fiery furnace of litigation, and he had fled northward in search of the business which never came—sat out under the tumble-down verandah with the air of an exiled prince.

He was white-haired and ruicund visaged, and his slippers were down at the heels, and his red cashmere dressing-gown was patched with quite a different pattern, and his wristbands were frayed, and the lack of buttons on his shirt-front was made good with a pin.

But when he saw the stranger lift the latch of the ricketty gate, he advanced to meet him with a patronizing urbanity which was little short of overwhelming.

He listened to Mr. Cleve's self-introduction with a royal smile; he welcomed him as if the old house were a palace; he made haste to introduce him to "Mrs. Yorke."

Mrs. Yorke was a tall, golden-haired young woman, with her lovely tresses untidily into a net, her dress decidedly the worse for wear, and her exquisite face burned by the impress of sun and wind.

But the flash of her brilliant blue eyes was like sunshine itself.

"Will the gentleman stay to dinner?" Mrs. Yorke asked of the major; "because we have only some baked jack and stuffing.

"But if he cares for such a simple fare he is welcome."

Mr. Cleve accepted the simply-given invitation.

The major was like a piece of old porcelain—cracked and damaged it might be, but still genuine.

Mrs. Yorke was a beauty, but quite young enough, the guest decided, to be her husband's granddaughter.

There was no carpet on the dining-room floor, and the windows needed cleaning; but the china was fine, and they had some blackberries, early apples and a few fine apricots, in a centre-piece of silver, with "Y" engraved on the handles.

"Shells?

"Yes, there were some fine shells," the major believed, "along the coast.

"Mrs. Yorke knew—Mrs. Yorke could tell him.

"Paleontology was a study which always must com—mend—it—self——"

And the major fell blandly and courteously asleep, still with a smile on his face.

Mrs. Yorke laughed.

"He's very old," said she indifferently; "he often does that.

"Don't mind him.

"Did you say you wanted to buy shells? I will try and have some collected for you by this time to-morrow."

"Could I collect them for myself?" Mr. Cleve asked, with the eagerness of a specialist.

Mrs. Yorke's beautiful brow darkened.

"No," she answered curtly.

"The coast is ours as far as Rocky Point, and our people don't like to be interfered with.

"If you will come here this time to-morrow, I will have plenty of shells for you."

And, to his amazement, Mr. Cleve was compelled, perforce, to accede, although in his innermost heart he doubted whether Mrs. Yorke was a judge of shells.

And then the major woke up and pretended never to have been asleep, and Mrs. Yorke sang some delicious little ballads, to the guitar; and the old servant hobbled in with claret, and a melon, cut in slices, and powdered over with sugar.

And before Mr. Cleve knew it the clock was striking eleven.

He walked home in the moonlight, with the tumultuous rush of the rising tide in his ears, while Mrs. Yorke's ballads echoed musically through his brain, and her luminous blue eyes and burnished coils of golden hair haunted his recollection.

"It is the strangest, sweetest face I ever saw," he muttered.

"I believe I am more than half in love with her.

"If only that dilapidated old piece of chivalry, the major, would die I should like to make that woman my wife."

And then he smiled out there in the moonlight, at the fantastic improbability of the idea.

"It's that old Chateau Margaux spinning through my head," he thought.

"I have been under the spell of an Enchanted Castle.

"I am bewitched."

By the next morning's sunrise he was up and out on the glorious reach of sparkling sand, with the sea-wind fanning his face and a whole battery of electricity tingling through his pulses.

Nothing seemed too much or too difficult for him to achieve.

He climbed dizzy peaks.

He walked miles.

He stood on solitary promontories, where gulls flew shrieking around his ears—until at last he found himself on a level stretch of sand, not far from the old Yorke mansion.

"Eureka!" he exclaimed to himself, as he stooped to pick up an exquisite shell, rose-tinted, and convoluted in rare curves, which lay blushing at his feet.

At the same moment, a boat, containing a tall figure wrapped in an old black serge cloak, came rocking around the point, and a voice cried sharply—

"Halt there!

"Hands off!

"You are trespassing on the Yorke Beach.

"Put down that shell, or I'll shoot!"

And the barrel of a revolver glistened in the sunshine.

"I beg your pardon," stammered Mr. Cleve, promptly dropping the shell.

"I wasn't aware that——"

The Loreley of the tides uttered a cry.

"It's Mr. Cleve!" said she.

"And it's Mrs. Yorke!" retorted our hero.

The golden tressed beauty put down the revolver in the stern of the boat, sprang lightly over the gunwale, and came up the beach with her cheeks all mantled with blushes.

"Yes," said she, "it is I. I believe you are a gentleman, and I may as well be frank with you.

"We are starving genteelly at the house.

"All the income we have is derived from the sale of these rare shells, which I pick up myself, for we have no servant but old Cardac, and she is too stiff and old to come here.

"My father-in-law has never been quite himself since my husband was killed in a railroad accident, three years ago——"

"Your husband!" repeated Cleve.

"Killed!

"Then you are not—Major Yorke's wife?"

"I!" cried the blue-eyed enchantress—"I the wife of that old man!"

And then, with the crimson flush of her unpalatable confession still on her cheeks, Mrs. Yorke broke into a peal of girlish laughter.

Cleve took the basket from her arm.

"Let me help you.

"I am a judge of these beauties.

"I am gathering shells to illustrate a new volume on the subject of paleontology, and I want all the rare specimens which can be found along these coasts."

And the landlord of the "Fisherman's Retreat" could not imagine what made his guest so late to breakfast upon that particular morning, and so *distrait* when at last he did come.

As for beautiful Mrs. Yorke, she went home with a new light in her eyes, surveyed herself critically in the glass, and after she had fastened up her braids of hair in a new fashion, set herself to work to repair the damages in her afternoon dress.

"Because I live in this lonely spot," said she, "there is no reason why I should be a semi-savage.

"But there has been so little worth existing for, of late."

And she sang soft, glad little roundelays to herself, like a robin, as she sewed.

The major looked sleepily at his daughter-in-law across the lunch table.

"Did that very agreeable gentleman come for those shells, Cissy?" said he.

"We gathered them together," said Cecilia Yorke, smiling.

"Here are two sovereigns that he paid me.

"We are to go again to-morrow, if it is pleasant.

"He is a great paleontologist, papa."

"Is he, indeed?" said the major, his dim old eyes brightening at the sight of the gold coins.

"Then, perhaps our beach may turn out a mine of wealth yet—eh, Cissy?"

Mrs. Yorke smiled, and patted the wrinkled, white old head.

"I think, papa," she said, "I'm not quite certain, but I think there are good times in store for us yet."

The major said he was glad to hear it, and then he feel mildly asleep in his chair.

When Mr. Cleve proposed to Cecilia Yorke, she made no scruple to confess that she liked him.

"But there is papa," she said, gently but firmly.

"I can never leave him.

"I promised my dead husband always to be a true daughter to papa."

"And I honor you for it, my love," said Mr. Cleve.

"He shall be an honored guest in our city home all winter, and in the summers we will come out here, and drink in the salt breath of the Atlantic."

But the very next night the old major fell asleep in his chair and never woke again, and Cissy's task was over.

She was married quietly to Mr. Cleve, and went to town.

"Do you know, Cissy, what they say about you?" said the paleontologist, one evening after a grand scientific reception.

"What?" said Cissy, lifting the larkspur blue eyes to his face.

"That you are the beauty of the season," said Mr. Cleve.

"I?" cried Cissy, in amazement.

"I always knew I was well-looking enough, but I never thought myself beautiful."

"I did," said Mr. Cleve.

"Even on that first day at the seaside, when your hair was rough and your dress untidy."

And Cissy smiled and colored, and did not know whether to laugh or to be vexed.

MYTHS ABOUT PLANTS.—With cotton a strange legend is linked in Brazil. The first of men was a demigod. He had a son of whom he wanted to get rid; so he formed an armadillo and buried it in the ground all but its tail.

Then he sent his son to fetch it. No sooner had the youth seized the armadillo by the tail than it plunged into the bowels of the earth, dragging him after it. On emerging from the lower world the young man told his father that there existed down below men and women who might cultivate the soil if they were brought to the surface.

The demigod created the cotton tree, and formed out of it a cord with which he hauled up some of the inhabitants of the subterranean region. The first specimens of the race were small and ugly; but they improved as the extracting process went on.

Unfortunately, the cotton rope broke before the best types were brought up—a fact which accounts, say the Brazilians, for the rarity of human beauty upon earth. To find it in its perfection one must go down below.

A more poetic belief is that of some bereaved German mothers who, up to St. John's Day, abstained from eating strawberries, for they think that at that time little children who have died recently go up to heaven concealed in those fruits. It seems strange that the rush, which ought to be considered the friend of man, should have acquired in some lands a diabolical character.

According to a Little Russian legend, the Demon asked for oats and buckwheat as his reward for having taken part in the creation of the world. The request was granted, whereupon the Demon began to dance for joy. The wolf came up and suddenly asked the meaning of this frivolity. In his confusion the Demon forgot what had been given to him, and replied that he was dancing for joy at having received the rush and the thistle; to which plants he still adheres.

The creation of the tea plant is due, says a Japanese legend, of which the Chinese appear to be unaware, to the piety of a Buddhist priest who visited China about A. D. 519.

In order to dedicate his soul entirely to God he made a vow never to go to sleep, but to meditate uninterruptedly day and night. After some years of watching he yielded to a severe attack of somnolence and went to sleep. On awakening, he became so remorseful that, in order to render any similar weakness impossible in future, he cut off both his eyelids and threw them on the ground.

Returning to the spot next day, he discovered that each eyelid had become a shrub. From these two shrubs is descended the great family of the plants. The story throws some light on the fact that tea-drinking often prevents the fall of "tired eyelids upon tired eyes."

THE gentleman stepped on the coal-dealer's platform scales and asked to be weighed. The dealer said: "Why, certainly!" and called to the man inside to take the weight. And the man thought it was coal he was weighing, and shouted back the weight six hundred pounds.

Bric-a-Brac.

KEY OF THE MEDITERRANEAN.—A name sometimes given to the fortress of Gibraltar, which to some extent commands the entrance to the Mediterranean Sea from the Atlantic.

CARDINAL VIRTUES.—These are justice, prudence, temperance, fortitude. The origin as the term cardinal signifies is in a general sense, pre-eminence. It is derived from the Latin word cardo, a hinge; and hence these virtues are reckoned as those on which all others hang, or are dependent.

WIGS.—Wigs were used by the ancient Egyptians; one of their wigs is in the British Museum. They were worn by the Romans, to hide baldness and deformities. A species of wig, called "tete," was common in France in the middle of the fifteenth century, and in 1529 perwigs were first used in that country.

ABOUT FLOWERS.—The use of the vervian, or holy herb, in the Tyrol worn in the shoe to keep off fatigue, may point to the origin of our own word speedwell, and there are other English names of plants which are capable of explanation by a studied comparison with their names in other countries or in other times. Some of the names of flowers are simple enough, being suggested by some obvious characteristic, or by some comparison to something rather like it. Thus the sage owes its synonym "clary" to its old use as an eye remedy, or clear-eye.

DANGEROUS ENTHUSIASM.—A singular instance of overstrained and dangerous enthusiasm is given by Madame Roland. It being the purpose to rouse the fears and spirit of the people, and direct their animosity against the court party, Grangeneuve agreed that he himself should be murdered by persons chosen for that purpose, in such a manner that the suspicion of the crime should attach itself to the aristocrats. He went to the place appointed; but Chabot, who was to have shared his fate, neither appeared himself, nor made the necessary preparations for the assassination of his friend, for which Madame Roland, that high-spirited republican, dilates upon his poltroonery.

KENTUCKIAN FEASTING.—When years ago a famous showman went through the United States, with a performing elephant, he, one evening, was warm in his praise of hospitalities and socialities of England and amid other instances, he quoted one of the Rutland punchbowl, which, on the christening of the young marquis, was built so large, that a small boat was actually set sailing upon it, in which a boy sat, who ladled out the liquor. "I guess," said one of the company, "I've seen a bowl that 'u'd beat that to immortal smash; for, at my brother's christening the bowl was so deep, that when we young uns said it was not sweet enough, father sent a man down in a diving-bell to stir up the sugar at the bottom."

GIVING PLENTY OF IT.—The disturbance at Lyons respecting the performance of the "Marseillaise" in the theatres has revived the story of Louis-Philippe, who, on being informed that in many of the Paris theatres disloyal members of the audience constantly called for the revolutionary air, told the Perfect of Police to let it be played as often as demanded, and even more so. Accordingly the next evening, at the Gaite, when, during the performance, the audience suddenly demanded the "Marseillaise," the play was stopped; the conductor, looking towards the Prefect's box, received an affirmative sign, and the air was played, not once, but four times over, until the audience called for the resumption of the drama. After first act a voice was heard again to call for the "Marseillaise," a demand at once complied with, not once, but this time six times, the audience becoming most uproariously impatient. Nor was this all, for, after the second act, the leader of the orchestra, at a given sign from the Perfect of Police, again struck up the stirring strains, but this time the audience was worked up to a pitch of fury, and threatened to wreck the orchestra if the air was not discontinued. After that time the "Marseillaise" was never called for even by the most Radical of audiences.

THE SEVEN SLEEPERS.—When in the earliest days of the faith the Emperor Decius persecuted the Christians, seven noble youths of Ephesus concealed themselves in a spacious cavern in the side of an adjacent mountain; where they were doomed to perish by the tyrant, who gave orders that the entrance should be firmly secured with a pile of huge stones. They immediately fell into a deep slumber, which was miraculously prolonged, without injuring the powers of life, during a period of one hundred and eighty-seven years. At the end of that time, the slaves of Adolius, to whom the inheritance of the mountain had descended, removed the stones, to supply materials for some rustic edifice; the light of the sun darted into the cavern, and the seven sleepers were permitted to awake. After a slumber, as they thought for a few hours, they were pressed by the calls of hunger; and resolved that Jamblichus, one of their number, should secretly return to the city, to purchase bread for the use of his companions. Inquiries produced the amazing discovery, that two centuries were almost elapsed since Jamblichus and his friends had escaped from the rage of a pagan tyrant. The bishop of Ephesus, the clergy, the magistrates, the people, and, as it is said, the Emperor Theodosius himself, hastened to visit the cavern of the seven sleepers; who bestowed their benediction related their story, and at the same instant peaceably expired.

THE SCHOOL-BOY.

BY S. U. W.

We bought him a box for his books and toys,
  And a cricket-bag for his bat;
And he looked the brightest and best of boys
  Under his new straw hat.

We handed him into the railway train
  With a troop of his young compeers,
And we made as though it were dust and rain
  Were filling our eyes with tears.

We looked in his innocent face to see
  The sign of a sorrowful heart:
But he only shouldered his bat with glee
  And wondered when they would start.

'Twas not that he loved not as heretofore,
  For his heart was tender and kind;
But his was a world that was all before,
  And ours was a world behind.

'Twas not his flattering heart was cold,
  For the child was loyal and true;
And the parents love the love that is old,
  And the children the love that is new.

And we came to know that love is a flower
  Which only groweth down;
And we scarcely spoke for the space of an hour
  As we drove back through the town.

RED RIDING-HOOD.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "PENKIVEL; OR, THE MYSTERY OF ST. KOLON."

ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XL.

EVEN the hard years with Granny Lanyon had their sharp edges smoothed by her tender thoughts of them, and seemed now to have their sweetness and their use.

Had they not taught her patience and calmness, silence and self-reliance?

Without their sharp schooling she could never have learnt to hold her sorrow so quietly beneath the surface of daily life, beneath the nightly toil and trouble and glitter of the stage—to hold is calm, like the great sea-depths which are not troubled or moved by the waves which boil over them.

No; without the hard teaching of those narrow years, without the solitude of that unsympathetic cruel time which had bowed her soul to its yoke, she could not have carried her burden of grief and passion with this patient smile.

Without those years she felt also she would never have been a great musician.

Had the lines of life and vision been spread for her in pleasant places music might have been a charm and a pastime, but it could never been held to her soul as her one single glorious friend to whom she could pour out her grief, and whose voice in answer spoke infinite soothings, echoes from the divine harmony, the everlasting song of nature filled with the spirit of praise.

Poor as she was then, she possessed an instrument that kings would have been glad to buy; and, as her swift young hand swept the strings, it answered with perfect sympathetic tone to every tender touch, to every flash of passion, every glowing thought that rose from the bright fire of her genius.

To have her Stradivarius was to be rich, to make it speak its hidden music was to be a queen.

Thus those hard years had had wealth and power and consolation in them, though to the outer world they had seemed as bare as the naked shingles on a cruel shore.

Lastly, into their barrenness, when she was most forlorn, love had come and led her into a land wherein he made all things new, even to the little common grasses at her feet.

For, when love clothes us round with light, our eyes grow clear and clear, and the lowliest thing that lives shows us the robe of glory that it wears in secret—its garment of praise shining beneath the russet.

So Grace looked back in tenderness on those past years, whose rough edges the hand of Time had so wonderfully smoothed; but on the glittering years of triumph, filled with heat and sound and whirlpool masses of myriad faces, turning, shining, smiling, ere they were swept away, she thought only with fatigue and dejection.

In these latter days a great weariness had seized upon her spirit, a doubt had crept upon her, withering her enthusiasm, chilling her warm faith.

Questions had pressed upon her that she could not answer.

Was she justified in what she had done?

She could never regret any sacrifice that had saved little Alan: but was it right to let her talent be an instrument in the hands of others to do evil?

Her mind took alarm now at the thoughts that rushed upon her, and often, as she acted or sang, a dull pain weighed upon her genius, quenching its fire.

"She has not sung so well to-night," people said, "or the part does not not suit her."

"She is growing careless," said others, "and counts too much on her popularity."

They did not know that the heart of the singer was breaking.

The Duke di Valdivia spent a night at Dover on their journey, and here Grace once more bathed her eyes in the glory of the sea.

But it was not like the sea by whose high crags she had sat in solitude, sending her young fresh voice down the wild shore upon the wings of the drifting winds, that carried many a sweet echo of her songs to lone sea-caves, or to fishermen in the bay, who paused upon their oars to listen and give her a silent blessing.

Here were crowds of busy people and tall ships and many boats, and a sea-line alive with bathers.

Grace looked upon the picture wistfully, with eyes that longed for the weird and solemn grandeur of another shore.

This was not the sea of her love.

She turned away with tears, feeling she could not bear the melancholy, long, withdrawing roar of these alien waves.

They beat upon her heart painfully, and the white cliffs were unfamiliar, the very sands were strange.

The streaks of glimmering sea-shine that crossed her path on this tame sea-border alone looked like home, and she stepped aside from them tenderly, as though they held something dead and dear.

In the morning, when they sailed away, Grace looked back with other thoughts on those white cliffs.

She felt she was leaving England never to return again.

She was going to stranger things, to more alien waves than these, and the deep soft sound of a foreign sea would henceforth sweep down the drear edges of a changed cold world.

Her father's eyes glistened as he looked southward, thinking of his home.

But this ancestral home to Grace was but a myth.

Granny Lanyon's cottage was far more dear, and the scent of wild thyme sweeter than the breath of myrtle.

So on the deck of the fast-speeding ship she stood in spirit by the old milestone, with the starlight shining on the face of Alan Fitzurse, as he searched for the mill-preve ring which she was pressing now softly to her lips.

* * * * * *

A ball was being given at a stately palace in Naples, and there were expectancy and eager suppressed curiosity among the guests.

"It is the first invitation he has accepted," said the hostess, with some pride, to Lord Enderby.

"All others have been been put off on different pleas—many family affairs, or much business, and so forth; but I was educated at the same convent with his mother, and I remained her friend all her life, so he did not like to refuse me.

"His beautiful daughter is creating an immense sensation here, and all kinds of romantic stories are told about her.

"Of course you know she is the same as the lovely singer and actress who turned all heads at Florence and Milan a year ago?"

"Yes, I am aware of it," said Lord Enderby.

"And can it be true that her father is urging her to marry that very handsome Englishman who limps a little in his walk?"

"I should say it was not true," returned Lord Enderby with steady voice, though his face grew very pale.

"Oh, I assure you people say it is true! He is continually with the Duke, and he is going with him to his chateau in the mountains."

"And we all feel so surprised, as we hear he is a man of no means and no family.

"If he were one of the old English nobility, or a man of great wealth, it would be different, but really now we cannot help thinking that the Duke is still a little mad, and is carrying out his democratic principles a little too far."

"Decidedly too far," interposed Lord Soulis.

"He should keep his principles for the mob, and shut them out when he is at home.

"Allow me to correct one mistake, Princess.

"The creature of whom you speak is not an Englishman; he is a Peruvian; and his brilliant style of beauty is not at all to my taste.

"In fact, it is only ugliness disguised."

The lady laughed, and was about to reply, when a movement among the crowd near the door arrested her attention.

"The Duke di Valdivia and the Princess di Valdivia," announced the attendant at the door.

The hostess pressed forward to greet them, and Lord Enderby rose from his chair, and stood, visibly pale, but composed, waiting for the moment when the crowd would part and his eyes fall on the face he loved.

In an instant he saw her, leaning on her father's arm, her slender and graceful figure bending slightly towards him, her cheeks tinged with the pink of a sea-shell, her lovely head crowned only with its bright tresses of waving chestnut hair.

She wore a diaphanous robe of pale blue, pearls were on her neck and arms, and in her hand was a bouquet of forget-me-nots and moss roses.

All this Lord Enderby saw in one heart-beat of time as he stepped towards her, all other fears falling now before the greater fear of losing her again.

"At last, Grace!" he said, as he held out his hand.

She was still clinging to her father's arm; she had not seen him approaching her, the crowd was so great, but at the sound of his voice she turned a look on him full of sudden terror, and her face grew slowly white.

"I thought you were in England," she said, timidly touching his hand, and then thrusting it from her hurriedly.

"But you are going back to England, to-morrow?" she added, imploringly.

"To whom are you speaking, Grazia?" asked her father, in Italian.

Her lips moved, as if to answer; but no sound came.

She clung now with both hands to her father's arm—it was his right arm—and strove to draw him away.

Lord Enderby interposed; he understood Italian, though he spoke it imperfectly.

"Duke," he said, in English, "I am not unknown to you by name.

"Grace, will you introduce me to your father?"

The Duke turned now; and the two men stood for one flash of the eye face to face.

Over the Italian's marked, lined, care-worn visage there came a sudden flush, a look not of scorn only, but of anguish—of something dreadful that could not be defined.

"My daughter will not introduce me to Lord Enderby," he said.

"I have no wish to make the acquaintance of a man who——"

"Father, come away, I entreat you," pleaded Grace, her accent trembling.

"Are you too against me, Grace?" asked Lord Enderby, in a voice that quivered over her heart like a flame.

Yet she made no answer; she only lifted her eyes to his for an instant, and clung with tighter grasp to the arm she held.

There was something in her attitude, as she did this, suggestive of terror—of that agony of terror with which a woman might hold down an arm which pointed a deadly weapon at some creature she strove to defend.

"Do you consider you have a right to alarm and molest my daughter?" asked the Duke stiffly.

"Allow us to pass, if you please."

"What can I say?

"I cannot defend myself here," said Lord Enderby, in hurried accents of amazed pain.

"I have no wish to hear any defence of what is indefensible.

"I think, in London, I had the honor of declining an interview with Lord Enderby," returned the Duke, in a hard voice.

And here, yielding to the continued efforts Grace still made to draw him onwards, he moved a step or two away.

Lord Enderby followed.

Even while he spoke, while he listened to the Duke, he saw only Grace, and marked with an anguish of wonder this eagerness of hers to leave him.

"Grace!" he cried passionately.

But she did not turn or answer.

She only pressed forward more eagerly, as if a burning desire had seized her to place an impenetrable wall of human beings between himself and her.

Pale, and troubled and perplexed even to the point of agony, Lord Enderby stood still and let them pass out of sight.

The crowd moved ever onwards, closing round them, hiding them, and at last leaving him standing almost alone.

His hostess, a noble English lady, married to an Italian prince, came up to him courteously.

"I fear you find an Italian ball rather dull," she said.

"But surely you will dance?"

"Not to-night, I think," he answered, scarce knowing what he said.

"Not if you get the cynosure of all eyes for a partner—the lovely Princess di Valdivia?"

"Can you?" he cried, his troubled face changing and glowing with this gleam of hope.

"Certainly, if you will come with me to the ball-room."

"Is—is the Duke also there?" he asked, pausing half a second as they walked on.

"No; to tell the truth"—and here the hostess paused also—"this is somewhat of a political gathering to-night.

"We are anxious to draw the Duke away from his old associations; so I have invited many hereditary friends of his family here, who will use their influence to save him from further follies.

"He has had a severe lesson, he has suffered horribly.

"But we hope now that he has returned clothed and in his right mind.

"We know, too, that he made a mad marriage, but we excuse that for the sake of his daughter; her mother being dead we can easily excuse it.

"The Duke has great wealth, and could become a power in the state if he would only use his wealth and influence in the proper way."

Out of all this Lord Enderby only cared to hear and understand that he was not in the ball-room.

"So you have him shut up somewhere with these old family friends?" he said, trying to smile.

The lady laughed.

"Yes, he has been drawn into a little sanctum of mine to see a miniature of his mother when she was young.

"You see, we are all anxious that he should not compromise himself again.

"The King has been most kind.

"All the past is condoned.

"He ought to be grateful.

"And the country is quiet and settled; we don't want firebrands and plots now.

"Italy has had her full share of these—her full share of fire and of pain.

"In his young days the Duke was a thorough Italian: afterwards he was too cosmopolitan; but it is remembered that he fought and suffered for his country in her great struggle, and he would be honored now as a patriot if he would only put himself on the side of order."

They were in the ball-room now, and had to thread their way by the walls to avoid the dancers.

Lord Enderby's glance fell anxiously on each couple as they whirled by.

Grace was not among them.

There was a kind of satisfaction in this fact, and yet he knew not why it should please him that she sat still.

He had seen her under so many phases—the village maiden, half a child, who had accepted his charity in her forlornness, the Red Riding-hood of a fanciful dream growing into love's reality, the prima donna with the world at her feet, and now the acknowledged daughter of a princely house—and so he wondered why it would pain him if, in this character, she should play her part well, and dance among the dancers as light-heartedly as the rest.

But no—it could not be.

Between her and them there stood the wild wide Cornish sea, the rugged cliffs of Penaluna, the grim figure of Granny Lanyon, and the dear dream-time of Caermorran.

What had she in common with the denizens of a world to which she could never really belong?

Her world was one of poetry, of song, of many hardships and young griefs untold.

This light dance-music could not touch memories, these flying feet could bring her no tidings from other days.

In a moment Lord Enderby found himself standing with his hostess in front of a stately elderly lady in black velvet and diamonds, by whose side sat Grace.

He held down the beating of his heart and scarcely glanced at her, yet saw she was pale and troubled.

"Countess, allow me to introduce to you an English friend of mine—Lord Enderby.

"He wishes for the honor of a dance with the Signorina di Valdivia."

The lady bowed graciously, then laughed, with a little embarrassment.

"She will not dance," she said; "she has refused every one."

Then she whispered to her hostess.

"She is not to dance with any Englishman—strict orders given to me by the Duke.

"Rather awkward for me, you see, so many English here to-night; our Grazia has resolved not to dance at all."

Lord Enderby heard some of this, and half turned away in grief and anger, then hesitated and turned back.

"Grace, do you refuse me a word?" he said, bending low and speaking nearly in a whisper.

"Has Red Riding-hood quite—quite forgotten the old days?"

Grace raised her eyes and met his pleading look, full of love's anguish; her lids drooped again instantly; he could not discern what her glance had said.

"I would have you forget them," she answered very low, her lip quivering.

"Will you not return to England?"

And again her eyes were lifted for an instant, with a prayer and pain in them that shook him to the soul.

"No, Grace, I cannot go.

"I must see you.

"I will have speech with you if I die for it."

"What is all this English talk about?" asked Grace's chaperon, in a tone of suspicion.

"I speak such poor Italian," returned Lord Enderby, apologetically, as if this were his sole reason for speaking English.

"Not at all," returned the lady politely.

"And I must ask you to converse in Italian.

"The Duke—my cousin, you know—so particularly dislikes his daughter to speak English."

Grace, meanwhile, had drawn off her glove.

Lord Enderby saw his ring on one of her fingers, and felt a transient gleam of comfort.

"That is a curious ring the signorina wears," he observed, speaking his Italian lamely.

"She should change it for diamonds, or pearls."

"I may change it for pearls some day," said Grace, and now for the first time she smiled.

"But I think that no ring will ever be so dear to me as this one."

"She sets an absurd value on it," said her cousin.

"She tells me it is a sort of talisman that has brought her wealth, rank, success, and all the world can give, except one thing: but what the exception is I cannot get her to say."

Grace was flushed and troubled.

She replaced her glove hastily, and raised her eyes with a look that so plainly implored Lord Enderby to leave her that he obeyed it, and moved away, full of subdued anger and sore feeling, and yet with a heart somewhat lightened of its burden.

In the crowd he met Lord Soulis.

"How are you getting on?

"Do you want an interpreter?" asked that lively youth.

"I am quite proud of my Italian.

"I am passing for a native to-night.

"Have you had a dance with the star of the evening?"

"She is forbidden to dance with an Englishman.

"I have just tried, and her chaperon refused me."

"That is how these people understand freedom, is it?" asked Lord Soulis, with a disgusted air.

"The newspapers made a great flourish of trumpets over Italy having acquired liberty and freedom; but the men have kept all those articles to themselves, and given none to the women.

"There isn't a girl here who can stay a moment with her partner after the dance is over.

"She must be led back to her partner at once, just as if one was a sort of wild beast, like the wolf that ate up little Red Riding-hood."

Lord Enderby smiled a little wistfully.

"I suppose a man can talk to his partner while dancing with her," he said.

"This is why I feel so disappointed, Soulis."

"We shall have to tackle that Duke in some new way that will astonish him," returned the young man thoughtfully.

"There's too much parental tyranny in this country; it puts one in mind of the old English novels, where fathers are depicted as locking their daughters up on bread and water and boxing their ears—dreadful old brutes they must have been!

"So she isn't to dance with an Englishman!

"Well, I shall go and ask her directly, and make her dance with me."

"Here, Soulis, what are you going to do?" cried Lord Enderby, as his friend hurried away.

"Just get into that alcove, will you," returned Lord Soulis, "and make an evergreen of yourself among the myrtles.

"I'll be back in five minutes."

"The pleasure of this dance?" said Lord Soulis, in his best Italian, bowing before Grace, programme in hand.

"My cousin is not dancing to-night," interposed the stately lady in black very stiffly.

"Beg pardon," rejoined the gentleman, "I know the whole story—no English allowed.

"But I happen to be Scotch—Scotch to the backbone; so the prohibition, you see, does not apply me."

The Countess could not help laughing heartily.

He took advantage instantly of this, and offered his arm to Grace.

"You may go, my dear," said her chaperon.

"I had no warning given me against the Scotch.

"This way," said Lord Soulis, making a road for himself and Grace among the dancers.

"I have a quiet nook to show you, where our little dance will be quite tete-a-tete."

She had come with him, hoping she knew not what; she looked up at him breathlessly, his fair honest face giving her confidence and trust.

In another moment they were at the alcove.

It opened out upon a balcony; plants of many kinds shed sweet odors all around it; a few seats stood among the flowers.

"This is the place," said Lord Soulis.

"Go to the window and take a breath of freedom.

"I am sure you need it.

"I shall stay here as a sentinel."

Grace entered, and saw dimly a tall figure.

She did not start back, though she recognised her lover before his voice reached her.

"Grace!" he said, in joy and wonder; and then he caught her hand and drew her to his breast.

For one instant she resisted, for one instant she yielded, and he felt the warm clinging of her arms, the pressure of her warm bosom against his own.

Then she raised her head from his shoulder, and drew back quickly, holding her uplifted hands between herself and him

CHAPTER XLI.

"WHY have you come here?" asked Grace, in accents of piercing distress.

"I have come to see you," returned Lord Enderby.

"I have come to entreat you to put an end now to the sorrowful estrangement of so many cruel months.

"Surely Grace, I have been patient!

"I feared to cause you grief; but now that you are free——"

"Free!" interrupted Grace, in a sad voice.

"There are a thousand chains around me which you cannot see—a thousand fears environ me.

"Alan, I entreat you, go back to England at once!

"It is the sole thing you can do for me."

"If you are not free, Grace," said Lord Enderby, as his face flushed, "I shall set you free.

"I will not return to England until I have come to an understanding with your father.

"If he refuses me an interview, then I shall force an interview on him."

Grace wrung her hands together tightly.

"He cannot see you!" she cried.

"It would be horrible if you came into our house, if you shook hands with him, if you spoke to him as a friend and he were friendly with you, and then—oh, go away to England, Alan!

"Go at once; your presence here kills me!"

"Grace, my love—my only love—listen to me, I implore you!

"I cannot go away and leave you in terror—leave you to be coerced into some miserable fate of which I am ignorant.

"It is my duty to protect you, and I will.

"I do not return to England without you."

She looked at him with blanched face and tearless eyes full of pain.

"I have no hope of seeing England again," she said desolately.

"You must return without me, Alan.

"You must live all your life without me.

"I knew it at Caermorran when I held your hand to my lips and said '*Addio—addio* forever!'"

"Grace, you are bewildered with trouble.

"You are terrified by some cruel tyranny.

"Such a word as 'farewell' shall never be said between you and me."

"You do not know my father," said Grace, in the same tearless quiet tone, "you cannot feel with him.

"He is no tyrant to me; but he knows, and I know, there is a barrier between you and me which separates us for ever.

"I cannot say more.

"I never speak of this to him—I never speak of it to any one.

"There is something here in my heart too horrible for words—a viewless horror, yet visible to me.

"I am always seeing it—always feeling it.

"Oh, go back to England, Alan!

"Go, or I shall die!"

"Grace, my love, my darling, listen to me.

"If I went away and left you thus, I should feel myself a coward.

"I cannot go.

"Ask me anything but that, and I will do it.

"Even at your entreaty, I will not forsake you."

He had drawn close to her and clasped both her hands in his; but she struggled to be free from his embrace; and sorrowfully he let her go.

"If you hold me," she said, her voice breaking slightly with the passion of tenderness she was repressing, "I cannot say what I must say.

"In London I wore your flowers, I wore your ring, I sent you many a message—I had hope in me still.

"But I was wrong—I did you a wrong; there is no hope.

"Take back your ring"—she strove as she spoke to draw it from her finger—"and return to your own land and to safety and peace."

She struggled to place the ring in his hand; but he resisted, and forced it again upon her finger.

"Only when I give you the pearls, Grazia—never till then will I have back the little talisman."

She did not resist his action when he replaced the ring on her finger.

"I have worn it so long," she said, looking down upon her hand in pitiful meek grief.

"I will wear it till I have taken the veil."

"Grace," cried Lord Enderby in anguish, "is it this they are forcing you to do?"

"Time is up!" said the voice of Lord Soulis, as his blonde head intruded itself among the myrtles.

"I am awfully sorry to interrupt the conference; but I am afraid that dragon of a chaperon will be looking out for us.

"The polka was over more than two minutes ago."

"For mercy's sake, Soulis, one minute more!" exclaimed Lord Enderby.

"There is no hurry."

But Grace extricated herself from the agonized clinging clasp of her lover's hands, and came forward; then she turned back with a swift movement, and held her own hand towards him again.

He caught it feverishly in a straining grasp; he would have given worlds to hold her for a moment to his breast; but people were passing to and fro—it was impossible.

So his clasp and hers relaxed; their hands fell asunder, and in another moment each had passed from the sight of the other.

Then Lord Enderby sank upon a seat; his head drooped forward for an instant on his arms as he pressed them on a little marble table near, and a shiver of cold grief shook him from head to foot.

* * * * * *

"Here's a telegram for you, Gregory," said his wife.

"I hope Emily isn't in any trouble."

Gregory Blake opened the telegram with big fingers that shook a little in the task.

His wife looked over his shoulder, and read words that took all the color from her face.

She would have opened the telegram herself and read it first, if she had had the chance; but her husband had seen the boy coming with it and sent her to the door.

This was the message she read—

"The letter I gave you was purloined, and a blank piece of paper substituted for it. For pity's sake, if possible, recover it, or ascertain what has become of it. Reply instantly. I am ill and in danger."

"This is your doing," said Gregory, turning upon his wife in white wrath.

"Where's the letter?"

Mrs. Blake burst into tears.

"Yes, Gregory, I did take it.

"I own that; but I was sorry afterwards, and I gave it to Madame Delgado."

"To her!" cried Gregory.

"Why, she and her son were the very people your sister was afraid of!

"If they only saw the address of the letter, she told me, they would do her some dreadful mischief."

"But they wouldn't see the address.

"I put the letter in an envelope and directed it to Emily, and asked that old baby to let her son take it with him and give it to her."

"Well, and suppose he opens and steals the letter?" said Gregory, growing white with rage and a queer foreboding which made him feel ill.

"Oh, he would not be such a villain to do such a mean trick!"

"You did it!" retorted Gregory fiercely.

"But there's nothing in it but figures," returned his wife, shrinking from his wrath.

"Figures! Figures mean old Nick sometimes.

"And there's no telling if they won't set fire loose now.

"There — write out the answer yourself, since you did this piece of wickedness."

Mrs. Blake did so, wording the reply as contritely as she could, for the will was on her mind of which her sister had spoken, and she was afraid now of consequences arising from her act of which she had never thought.

Before the evening had closed in, another telegram arrived, addressed this time to Mrs. Blake.

"Let Gregory come to me instantly.

"I have need of protection.

"I will pay all expenses.

"I am ill, and in danger of my life.

"If I die, Gregory ought to be here for your children's sake to take possession of papers.

"Your telegram has broken down my hopes of living.'

"What nonsense!" said Mrs. Blake, throwing down the little slip of paper.

"I can't have done her as much harm as that.

"And if she had acted fair by me I should never have touched the horrid letter.

"And I can't believe but what Delgado will give it to her safe enough; he won't guess it's important.

"Emily always exaggerates things so, and always did fancy she was going to die, if she was the least bit ill.

"However, Gregory must go to her, I suppose, as there's no telling what may happen."

Gregory was not sorry to go; he had tasted Continental life, and liked it, and, though he knew he never could be a gentleman, still there was some charm in being treated like one.

Moreover, he thought more seriously of this matter than his wife did.

Then too there was a certain itching about his palms to tackle Delgado, and he fancied this affair of the letter might give him the chance he longed for of making him acquainted with a British fist.

"The idea too of his wanting to marry Grace—a girl of her vally—to pocket her earnings and swagger about like a lord!

"Ah, I should like to kick him round the world and back again!" said Gregory, as he settled himself comfortably into a corner of the railway car.

"Why, if it wasn't for Harrie, I'd marry Grace myself!

"And I should treat her liberal; I would not be particular as to four or five pound a week.

"To pocket all a woman's earnings is mean.

"Now I wonder whether Emily is really ill, or whether this isn't a bit of a dodge to see again an individual who shall be nameless."

This conceit on the part of Gregory did not appear to be quite groundless, for, when he reached Naples, he found Lady Brentwyche apparently in good health

And when she saw him she clung to his stout arm with both hands, and cried hysterically that he was her only friend.

"Have you got your letter?" asked Gregory.

"No; Delgado says he cannot find it.

"He does not know where his mother packed it—I mean in which box or portmanteau; he has so many with him, as usual."

"Do you believe him?"

Lady Brentwyche lifted her eyes with a despairing look.

"No; but I dare not tell him so.

"I dare not appear anxious or seem to care whether the letter is lost or found.

"I have told him it is only a list of commissions from Harrie; to make him believe this is my sole chance."

"Why are you afraid of the fellow?

"I could kick him into a cocked-hat in two minutes."

For a second there was a gleam in the eyes that met his which told much; then they drooped, and she shook her head sadly.

"Violence would be useless, Gregory: we must try stratagem.

"I have said I did not believe he could not find the letter, and I do not; but I am certain of this—he has not yet opened it.

"He keeps it because he is suspicious, and, if I showed anxiety, he would open it.

"Now I want you somehow to get at it before he does this—before it is too late."

As she spoke her cheeks flushed and her voice trembled, her whole frame shook; she flung herself into a chair, and, covering her face with her hands, she wept a few bitter tears of agony.

"I'd have put a horsewhip over Harrie's shoulders," said Gregory, "if I had known her trickery would distress you like this."

Lady Brentwyche did not answer; her thoughts were going beyond her sister to that fate or providence of which she was but the instrument.

"What can I do for you?" continued Gregory, leaning over her with as much pity as it was possible for such a nature as his to feel.

"You can do much.

"You must go with me everywhere.

"And first you will try to procure the letter."

"I'll do that in five minutes, if you'll let me work it my own way."

Lady Brentwyche hesitated.

If Delgado were crushed out of life, like an insect, by one stalwart blow, what a relief it would be, what a recovery of life and hope!

But her hesitation scarcely lasted a moment; there was a change in her; the shadows were falling fast, and yet light was coming through the darkness.

"No Gregory," she said sadly, "your way will not do.

"I want peace, not a quarrel.

"He and I must still be friends, or seem to be.

"Promise me one thing."

"I'll promise you anything in reason," said Gregory, with a very unwonted quiver in his voice.

"Well, then, whatever happens to me, I want you to promise never to tell Harrie that it came to me through her, and never while you live even hint of it to Lady Anne.

"She loves me, Gregory, and believes in me; she is the sole creature on earth who does.

"Let me live in her memory with kind thoughts, and never with a shadow of hate or horror."

"What are you talking like this for?" asked Gregory.

"You are quite hipped.

"There—I give my promise; but I won't have any more talk like this.

"What can Delgado do, if he does read your letter?

"I should like to see him try to hurt you while I am here!

"And Harrie said the letter was only a parcel of figures."

Lady Brentwyche shuddered; this reference to the letter turned her cold.

"I must say," continued Gregory, "you have taken Harrie's trick very good-temperedly; you haven't said a word against her."

"Good-temperedly!" repeated Lady Brentwyche, clasping her arms across her bosom in sudden pain.

"Yes—yes; it may be a mere nothing.

"And I have your promise now; you will never tell her.

"She and Anne will think of me sometimes—we like to fancy we will be remembered.

"And you know, Gregory, it was only a little folly on her part; she meant me no harm.

"The fault was mine.

"I made her jealous.

"Oh, yes, I take it quite good-temperedly!

"You see I am not angry.

"You will remember that?"

Gregory started at her in heavy bewilderment.

"I see you want that letter very badly," he said.

"Now I shall go out and take a peep at all the ragamuffins lying about like pigs in the sun.

"It won't do you any good to talk more just now."

Gregory went straight to Delgado's hotel, and found that handsome individual stretched at full length on a couch smoking a fragrant cigar.

He evinced a slight surprise at his visitor's appearance and asked lazily what had brought him to Naples.

"Well, I got used to going about with your pair,' as we say in Cornwall, and I felt so dull at home that I couldn't stand it, so off I came."

"Ah!" returned Delgado, after a long puff.

"The fair Countess was very glad to see you, no doubt."

"And so are you, I hope?"

"Oh, certainly—quite charmed!"

"And how is Grace; and where is she?" said Gregory.

"Grace?

"Oh, you mean the Princess di Valdivia!

"She is quite well, thank you."

"I don't see why you should thank me for asking after my own cousin.

"And there isn't any furriner of the size of folks round here who can stop me from calling her Grace, I reckon," returned Gregory, with a gleam in his eye.

"Perhaps not," said Delgado carelessly; "but, considering her position, it would not be good taste."

"Her position don't alter facts," returned Gregory sturdily.

"I'm her cousin—there's no gainsaying that.

"And she isn't the sort to be ashamed of her mother's relatives.

"They haven't any of 'em been in prison that I know of; and I believe her father, for all his grandeur and his dukedom, can't say the same."

Delgado waved his cigar gracefully in the air towards Gregory.

"It is his merit that he has been in prison, Mr. Blake; we honor him for it.

"And let me tell you he is one of the wealthiest of the nobles of this country, and his position is among the greatest."

"That don't alter the truth that he was once a poor whisht wrecked body, with nothing but an old fiddle and a few rags in the world, and beholden to my cousin, Elizabeth Lanyon, for a bit of bread."

"Really, Mr. Blake," said Delgado, starting up from his reclining attitude, "you are making yourself too odious by these remarks!

"The Duke is my friend."

"I know all about it," returned Gregory fiercely.

"At heart he is nothing still but a weak ould fiddler, and you've got the soft side of him, and have persuaded him you are good enough for Grace.

"You—you!

"Why, it would spell the toe of my boot to touch you with it!"

Delgado grew ghastly pale.

Was this coarse brute come here purposely to fasten a quarrel on him?

"I don't fight with words," he said.

"My weapons are pistols.

"But you are not a gentleman, I can't

call you out, though duelling is not an exploded institution in this country."

Gregory scarcely had patience to hear him out.

"I don't fight with pistols, or words either, while I've got a pair of fists." he said.

"I'm ready.

"Defend yourself like a man!"

But Delgado cowered and doubled and twisted out of reach in an amazing way; he even tried to laugh and look upon the matter as a joke; and it was not until Gregory's fist was in his face that he allowed the matter to take a serious aspect.

A blow roused some instinct in him latent before, and, quick as lightning, a small dagger flashed before Gregory's eyes; but it did not strike, for he seized his assailant's supple hand and knocked him down before he had time to utter the cry of rage that had sprung to his lips.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

BARBARA GRAHAM.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "TWICE MARRIED," "MABEL MAY," ETC.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.—[CONTINUED.]

LUCKILY the head of the carriage had been completely thrown back by the sudden jolt, and Barbara, with extraordinary energy and strength, inspired by despair, sprang over the high seat, and snatched the reins, which were just falling out of reach.

To curb the spirited horses she knew was out of her power, but by the exertion of an almost superhuman strength, and cool, calm energy, she did succeed in turning them sufficiently aside to avoid coming in collision with several other carriages in the route.

The street was full of vehicles, and though every effort was made to give the horses a clear path, the carriage at last came in contact with a dog-cart, in which two gentlemen were trying the mettle of a fast and powerful horse.

There was a terrible crash of wheels, the young men were thrown out into the causeway, and the steed galloped on with the wreck of the dog-cart at his heels, thus adding to the confusion and terror of the very scene.

The street was now thronged to excess with a crowd of persons; some screaming with terror, others striving to retard the progress of the horses; all struck with a panic at the danger of the two young creatures in the carriage, and the destruction it threatened in its headlong career.

Pauline lay back on the cushions, pale and motionless; sensible of her danger, but happily too powerless to incur certain death by springing from her seat.

Barbara stood up, the reins in her nearly exhausted hands, striving to guide the horses.

Her hat fell off with the rapidity of the motion, and down came her hair in blinding folds.

She shook it all back from her face, and soon saw that this reckless game of dodging the crowd of vehicles could not last much longer.

Right before her at the end of the street was the wharf crowded with bales, barrels, and a variety of freight; just beyond it was the river.

A number of gentlemen stood on a neighboring corner, and with one impulse they rushed forward with extended arms.

On sprang the horses almost upon them; eager hands grasped at the reins.

"Stand back, all of you; you might as well catch at the winds," cried Barbara, and with one last effort turned the horses into a cross street.

The wheels struck the curbstone, the carriage tilted, rocked, fell back again, and on they went till the horses stopped short before the livery stable where they were kept.

They were seized by several hands, while a dozen voices were buzzing in congratulation and praise.

But there was one voice that trembled in deep and overpowering emotion—one hand that clasped Barbara in convulsive energy, and almost forcibly lifted her from her perilous position ere she sank, well-nigh exhausted, on her seat.

That voice and hand were those of Ernest Forbes.

"Thank God you are safe!" was all he could say; but his pale face spoke volumes of agitation and thankfulness and admiration, as he gazed on her features, and supported the form of the trembling and exhausted girl.

Even in that moment of anxiety Barbara could not ignore that look, that tone; and her eyes instantly sought those of Pauline, in generous fear that she might have read him also.

But she was leaning back on her cushions, her eyes closed, and Barbara almost hoped that she had been insensible to bodily fear, and to more enduring mental anguish.

"See to Pauline; she has fainted," said Barbara, raising herself from Ernest's support, and twisting up, with a vivid flush, the veil of hair that swept round her form.

"Pauline has fainted!

"Some water! Quick—quick!" cried Sir Ernest, springing into the carriage, and attempting to lift the motionless form.

"No, no," said Pauline, opening her eyes, and answering faintly.

"Take me home, Ernest — take me home!"

Her brilliant eyes again closed, a sort of spasm distorted her features, and she sank back once more, rigid, and seemingly lifeless.

Sir Ernest turned to Barbara—a few half inaudible words were sufficient.

There was a freemasonry in the two brave spirits.

In an instant Barbara had sprung into the carriage, and supported the form of the now insensible girl in her arms, while Ernest sprung on the box, and speaking soothingly to the horses, started homewards.

They plunged violently at first, but he used the whip fearless, and in a few moments they trotted along at a pace that soon brought them to the door of their home.

The vague rumor of the accident had already flown even faster than the rapid steeds and when they arrived, Colonel Forbes was standing on the steps with alarm on every feature.

As Pauline's colorless face met his view, he threw up his hands, staggered back, and groaned aloud.

"Good heavens!" he exclaimed, "is she dead?

"I knew it would end this way some day."

Ernest had not time to reply ere Pauline's physician, who had known her in former days as a child, and taken a warm interest in her recent illness, hastily advanced to the carriage door.

"Nonsense, Forbes!" said he.

"She is frightened out of her wits, that is all.

"Those high-bred horses of yours have been playing the very deuce!

"Sir Ernest, allow me; I have often seen her like this before."

Lifting Pauline in his arms, Dr. Hartwell carried her up to her own room and placed her on a sofa.

He was so accustomed to these attacks, that he was at no loss as to their treatment, and immediately proceeded to give her some of the accustomed medicine, and gave Barbara, whose efficiency he seemed at once to take or granted, the necessary orders as to rubbing her cold hands and feet, and bathing her brow.

Sir Ernest and Colonel Forbes stood anxiously watching the sufferer during the minutes that had elapsed ere the rigid look left her face, and her eyes opened with a bewildered, eager expression.

They turned first on Ernest, and a shiver seemed to run through her veins at the rencontre.

She closed her eyes again, with a strange twinge about her pale lips, then, looking up again suddenly, she stretched out her hand to her father, and placed the other in Barbara's.

"There is no one like her," she said, faintly.

"She saved my life."

"Like whom, my love?

"Who saved you?" asked her father.

"Barbara," she replied.

"Papa, there is no way to thank her."

A glad smile passed over Pauline's face as Barbara bent over her, while a tear from those dark, piercing eyes, fell on her pale brow.

"Yes, yes," said Dr. Hartwell, hastening to interrupt the dangerous scene, "you certainly created a decided sensation.

"This young lady looked a sort of amateur Medici, with her black hair streaming over the back of the carriage, and her little hands grasping the reins with almost superhuman strength and energy.

"On my word, young lady, you are a brave girl, worthy of any emergency."

"I cannot sufficiently thank you," began Colonel Forbes; but his voice failed, and Barbara hastily cut short his acknowledgments.

"Sir, I did nothing at all worth naming," she said.

"Dr. Hartwell is only jesting in painting such a picture of a heroine.

"You owe nothing to me; it was but a natural effort, most happily successful."

At that moment steps were heard on the stairs, and Pauline nervously started.

"Papa, please don't let even mamma come in; she will only be agitated, and upset me," she said, hurriedly.

Colonel Forbes had a certain awe of his wilful child, and a great deal more of his imperious wife; but in this instance Pauline's quivering lip and pale cheek did not admit of hesitation, and he hastened from the room to fulfil her mission; but it was too late.

Mrs. Forbes hastened into the room, and with trembling lips kissed her daughter's cheek and brow.

"Oh my child, my darling, what a narrow escape!" she exclaimed.

"It is horrible—horrible!

"It nearly kills me to think of it.

"I am quite faint with the shock."

Pauline's lips slightly curled as she endured rather than returned her mother's kiss.

"No occasion for that, mamma," she said.

"You see I am not really hurt, and I am but little worse for the shock; scarcely anything can really be of consequence to me now.

"But you do not seem to know that Barbara saved my life."

Mrs. Forbes flushed at the sudden rebuke, and extended her hand with constrained cordiality to the young girl, who touched it with a cold pride equal to her own.

"You have a great deal of presence of mind, Miss Graham," said the lady.

"You are fortunate not to possess a more delicate, more nervous organization.

"Of course, we are deeply indebted to you."

"You are indebted to her for my life, mamma," said Pauline, indignantly.

"Not only did Barbara prevent a terrible catastrophe by her almost superhuman exertions, but her example taught me common sense, and, instead of jumping out, which would have been certain destruction I tried to imitate her heroism, though at a great distance."

"You underrate yourself, my love," said Mrs. Forbes, coldly.

"Persons of delicate temperament cannot be judged by those of coarser organization, and——"

"Barbara, dear, will you shut down that window?" interrupted Pauline, abruptly.

"One would think I was a Polar bear instead of a regular fire-worshipper.

"Please send up some tea, mamma; and bid Marie bring a good supply of wood and coals.

"I am almost frozen," she added, drawing her warm fur wrap to her chin, and turning away from her mother's anxious gaze.

"But, my love," said Mrs. Forbes, "you will not exclude us from your room.

"Your papa and Ernest will be quite hurt if they are not allowed to remain with their newly-recovered treasure."

"Let me be in peace," said Pauline, a shiver running through her delicate frame; "let me be in peace.

"It is all I ask."

Sir Ernest had hitherto remained a silent and even unobserved spectator of the scene.

He now came forward, and gently drew his aunt's hand in his arm.

"My dear aunt," said he, "Pauline is right; she needs entire rest, and Miss Graham has the first claim on her every thought and feeling.

"The life she has saved may well be trusted to her care."

He stooped down as he spoke, kissed his betrothed's pale brow, and, clasping Barbara's hand in an eloquent grasp, he led his reluctant aunt from the room.

Pauline remained perfectly quiet for some minutes, and Barbara hoped she was sinking into a refreshing sleep.

Her own thoughts were far away, as she sat motionless by the invalid's side.

They were wandering to another sick room, wandering back to scenes that could never be really absent from her mind, where one as fair as that dying girl had been stretched on a couch of sickness, and a heart yet more noble, more deeply interested than Pauline's lover, and hung in anguish over the beautiful sufferer.

Where was Sidney Ashley now?

Who could divine the effect that the double trials he was enduring might have on one so proud, yet so deeply feeling—so intense in every emotion, yet so reserved, so frigid in its outward expression?

Barbara's heart swelled at the image her fancy conjured up.

She would have suffered anything to save Sidney Ashley from a single pang; and yet it might be that she would be the innocent, unwilling instrument of his ruin.

She was too inexperienced, too young to form an idea of the real effect of her disappearance in the threatened blow to Sidney's position as Master of Ashley Court.

Surely her presence, her co-operation must be necessary to deprive him of his rights.

If she could but remain concealed from him, and from that mysterious being who had worked the evil, Sidney might be saved from poverty, degradation, and hardship, if not from the yet deeper, more cutting sorrow of a betrayed and scorned love.

And yet, could she leave Pauline in her dying hours to her selfish, uncongenial, heartless mother?

Even for Sidney's sake she dared hardly desert the sufferer who clung to her so piteously for support and comfort, though the risk of discovery was one that she would have no means of lessening without most painful suspicions.

Barbara could have quickly decided between sacrificing herself or the man she loved, even though he would never know the devotion she displayed; but the contest between opposing and unselfish claims was very perplexing, agonizing indeed.

A deep sigh escaped her, and Pauline's quick ear caught the sound.

"Barbara, you are ill," she said; "that terrible struggle has been too much for you.

"Let me ring for some wine, for you are as pale as my poor wan face can be."

Barbara laid her hand gently on the invalid's, and replaced her on her pillow, from which she had started in sudden excitement.

"I am quite well, dear," she replied.

"Keep quiet, or I shall leave you at once."

"No, you will not.

"You could not be so cruel, Barbara," she said, with a faint smile.

"My friend, you used to be truth itself. Dare you tell me that you think it can really do more than make a difference of a few brief hours or days, whether I indulge my caprices or not?

"You know it cannot, Barbara.

"I can trust you, at least, not to deceive me."

"Dearest Pauline," returned Barbara, "life and death are in the hands of One who cannot err in His decrees.

"It is not for us to dare to prophesy, and still less to venture to throw away one hour that is allotted to us by Him.

"Try and compose yourself for the sake of all who love you.

"Every word is hurtful to you after your agitation."

"Barbara, I must try to use the few hours left me to better purpose than I have done the years of my brief life," said Pauline. "I cannot die happy unless I feel I have made some reparation for the wrong I have done.

"Give me some more of that medicine, and then I can speak more safely.

"I would not die before I have accomplished what can alone make my last hours peaceful."

Barbara complied, and tenderly stooping over the beautiful fragile creature, she pressed her lips to her pale cheek.

"Dearest Lina," she said, "if it is any real or fancied injury to me that you would confess, be at peace.

"I forgive it unconfessed, unknown, from my very heart, and I love you as I could never have believed it possible I could feel for any one again; only be calm and quiet for my sake."

"Dear Barbara," said Pauline, throwing her arms round the neck that bent over her, "my fault is soon told; it rests with you whether it be ever really repaired.

"Listen! I saw—ay—almost before he knew it himself, that Ernest was fascinated by your intellect, your rare qualities of heart, your strange fascination, that was a far more potent charm than beauty. He had been destined for me from earliest infancy, and though I did not really love him then, though it was only vanity and selfish pride that was wounded by his preference for you, yet I felt as bitterly jealous of you, as resentful for your involuntary wrong, as if my heart had been all his—as it is now. Yes, Barbara, since I felt that I was about to leave him, that I should never have the happiness, the envied distinction of being his wife, I have loved Ernest with an intense, strong love that I could never have even comprehended in my days of health. Thank God, it is not a selfish wicked love, as it would have been had I felt it then."

She paused.

Barbara had crouched down by the couch and clasped Pauline's hand in hers, and ever and anon pressed her lips on it, while tears fell on the fingers that feebly returned the pressure.

"Lina, Lina," she said, "you are unjust to yourself, to Sir Ernest, to me even.

"He only pitied me, and you naturally felt pained that an obscure dependant should share his attention with your bright beautiful self.

"It was only woman's nature to be jealous, Lina: but it was without cause, believe me."

"No, Barbara, dear, unselfish, noble friend," said the sufferer, with a faint, sweet smile, "I cannot be deceived.

"There is that before me which tears the veil from even such blinded eyes as mine.

"I was no fit bride for Ernest, and we should have been wretched had my life been spared to complete the sacrifice!

"Do not pity me, dear girl.

"Better, far better for me to die young, with his gentle, noble heart touched with kindly, brotherly affection, my memory hallowed by death, my faults forgotten, than to have lived to see him miserable, unloving, despising my weaknesses, my faults.

"Oh, Barbara, help me to repair the wrong did; smoothe my last moments; strengthen me, as I know you can, you will, with your true, unselfish nature.

"If others will try to deceive me or themselves, I can trust you to sustain me, while you acknowledge the truth, that I have only one hope of happiness left, and that not on earth."

Barbara crushed back the sob that choked her, and raised her noble, expressive face with a calm, elevated, tender sympathy and love.

"Pauline," she said, "you have indeed been unjust to yourself, and I never know you till now.

"I promise you that I will never leave you, even for an hour, so long as you need or desire my presence, and that you may rely on me for all the support that love and sympathy and truth can give; and I trust it may be long ere my task is done.

"God can raise you up from the sickness He has sent.

"Let us try to leave you in His hands, darling.

"Though I would not deceive you by false hopes, I cannot believe your case so hopeless as you imagine."

"Thanks, thanks, dear," said Pauline, hurriedly.

"We will not speak of that just now: I have other and more urgent affairs to settle; and then I can rest in peace."

She paused for a moment, and when she spoke again it was with yet more energy and emotion.

"Barbara," she continued, "you said you did not love Ernest; only tell me you deceived yourself, as you have mistaken him.

"I tell you his real heart, his deepest feelings, are yours.

"They have been so from those fatal days when my jealous keen-sightedness revealed to me the truth.

"Promise me you will be his wife when I am gone; that you will thus repair the wrong I did in separating you by the basest, lowest, meanest deceit, and unfounded slanders.

"You must love him, Barbara, he is so good, so worthy.

"You will not repel his noble heart by false pride, mistaken delicacy to him or to me.

"Let me die in the belief that you will think of Pauline as a beloved and penitent and loving sister, whose faults are veiled by her early death."

Barbara's lips quivered, and her frame trembled with the emotion she dared not indulge.

The sight of that young, lovely face, the touching accents of the girlish yet feeble voice, the unselfish mistaken schemes she had formed for the happiness of him she best loved, was enough to shake a colder

nature than Barbara's intensely sensitive temperament.

It was so hard to refuse, so difficult to sweep away the hope that seemed the sole comfort of the dying girl; and yet the very truth she had promised made the awakening a necessary one.

"Pauline, my dear friend, spare yourself and me," she said.

"It cannot be.

"I should be false, treacherous to you, to Sir Ernest, to myself, if I allowed you to cherish such an impossible dream.

"I believe from my heart that he does not feel for me what you fancy: but if he did, it could never avail.

"I can never marry where I do not love as a wife should love her husband.

"I would do much, very much for you or for him, dearest Pauline: but please never allude to that impossible dream of yours again."

Pauline bowed her head on her hands, and though her features were concealed, Barbara thought she moaned as if in pain.

"Dear Pauline, are you suffering again?

"What can I do for you?

"Let me see if Dr. Hartwell is gone," she exclaimed, in alarm.

"What can you do?" said Pauline, her face once more raised, all wan and haggard with the sudden revulsion from excessive excitement.

"Oh, Barbara, Barbara, you can save me, save him; but you will not; you will let me die with the consciousness that my sin against Ernest is unredeemed.

"Had I not done that terrible wrong, you would perhaps even now have been his wife.

"No, you are determined to bow my spirit to the very dust, and make me taste the bitterest punishment for my sins."

Barbara was silent for a few minutes, her bosom heaving with unusual emotion.

There was a contest going on in her heart between its natural pride and delicacy and the higher obligations to calm the dying hours of that young, suffering girl.

The contest was but for a few moments.

In such a nature as Barbara's it could but have one result.

Her hand was raised calmly, and her eyes rested with unflinching, earnest gaze on that pale face.

"Pauline," she said, "if it will comfort you to know that your dreams could never have been carried out—that under no circumstances whatever could I have been Sir Ernest's wife, even had he wished so improbable an event, that consolation is yours.

"It would have been as impossible the first day I saw him as it is now, since, in one word, I love another.

"Nay, do not look so startled; it is a sad, serious, natural element of my nature, but it is one that can never be aught but misery to me, and I would never have confessed it to my nearest and dearest friend but for your gratuitous self-upbraidings."

Pauline's was a wayward, spoiled, but yet not a naturally mean or obtuse nature.

She comprehended in an instant all the generosity of her friend's avowal, and the pain, the shame, the effort it must have cost her.

"Barbara," she said, raising herself from her pillow, and throwing her arms around her neck, "you are a noble creature; and every fresh proof you give of your superiority deepens my repentance and shame.

"You have eased my heart of one great remorse and anxiety, though not as I had once hoped and wished.

"I will ask no more, pain you no more, but I pray that you may yet find the happiness you deserve."

Pauline sank back exhausted on her pillow as she spoke, and Barbara drew the down coverlet over her shivering form, and taking a cup of tea with which the servant entered at that moment, she watched the invalid drink it, and then resolutely drew the curtain, and placed herself out of sight of her patient till her soft breathing showed that she slept.

Then she stole softly to the bed-side, and as she gazed at the sweet, pale face, the strange and bitter thoughts she had cherished of old, as to her own hard fate, and the magic power of beauty and grace and wealth to win love and procure happiness, recurred to her mind.

She fell humbly on her knees, and, confessing the unhallowed murmurings of her proud, unchastened heart, she prayed for patience and strength to bear the trials that were assigned her: and for him, the secret idol of her heart, that at least her sacrifice might not be in vain: and for the pale, fragile flower that lay broken and faded, waiting only for the gradual withering of its former beauty.

Barbara's heart was indeed lifted up in fervent prayer in that long, silent hour; and a softening, gentle balm seemed to creep into the deep wounds that were smarting and galled by the feverish agony of many a long year.

There was a change in her countenance as she rose at last, and noiselessly placed herself in full view of her charge.

The intellect, the strength, the elevated expression of genius and self-reliance were still there, but refined and softened into a womanly tenderness and feminine charm.

None could have looked at Barbara as she sat in that sick chamber, in her quiet, simple attire, bending forward in tender anxiety over the invalid, without acknowledging that she possessed the chief, crowning charm of beauty, if not the strict physical outlines of beauty's ideal.

A glorious creature, with all her defects and shortcomings, was our Barbara.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

IT was but two days since the accident to Barbara and Pauline that had ended apparently without hurt or injury to either: but the disastrous consequences of that fatal day were now beginning to be more visibly, painfully evident.

Pauline's malady had returned with alarming violence during the forty-eight hours that succeeded that fatal agitation of mind and body; and Dr. Hartwell pronounced the case not only hopeless, but one of more immediate danger than he had at first considered it.

Ernest Forbes looked pale and grave as he tended the couch of his betrothed, and lavished on her every care that tenderness and sympathy could devise for her; but still her quick instinct, and the unerring perception of woman's heart, told her that it was not love that prompted this unceasing homage.

And Barbara saw it, too, with the same woman's keenness, and her heart bled in sympathy with the dying girl, that gave additional softness and devotion to her own untiring care.

Pauline had fallen into a feverish slumber, and Colonel Forbes almost forced Barbara from the room, to enjoy a short repose from her constant tending of his child, bidding Sir Earnest to take her for a short walk in the gardens behind the house, while he took charge of the sufferer.

Barbara in vain resisted the kind entreaty of the broken-hearted but considerate old man, more especially when she found that Sir Ernest was to be the companion of her brief stroll; but the Colonel was peremptory, and Barbara instinctively shrunk from appearing to fear a solitary interview with Ernest, lest he should draw false inferences from her very reserve and reluctance.

So the two went out together in the large and tasteful gardens, their hearts saddening amidst the bright beauty around by thoughts of the dying young heiress of that wealth and luxury, which seemed to make their loveliness but a sickening mockery of human woe.

Colonel Forbes sat by his darling's bed, with his elbow resting on her pillow, and his head drooping on his hand.

The bright sunshine of noon sparkled out of doors, but here the heavy curtains swept across the windows, and cast a lurid light over the sick room.

It was sad to see the haggard face of that venerable old man as he looked on the wreck of his once beautiful child, the tears starting down his furrowed cheeks—tears of such silent, heart-broken woe, as only a parent can feel.

Perhaps one of these tears fell on the face of the pale sleeper, for she suddenly moved her head, and throwing her arms over the pillow, turned towards him.

"Are we alone, papa?" she said.

"I want to say something to you."

"We are alone, my child," he replied, smothering his own emotion for her sake.

"Speak to me freely, my darling."

"There are a few things I wish arranged," said Pauline, "and my time is short.

"You have been always too indulgent to me, and never refused me any gratification I desired, and I know you will grant my last request.

"My father, if I had been a bride to-day, what would have been my marriage portion?

"How much would you have given me, papa?"

"I would give every sixpence I possess to purchase you a life of happiness, my darling," he replied.

"You do not understand me, papa," said Pauline.

"I have been always considered an heiress, and I want to know how much I should be entitled to if I should live—I mean if I should have become Ernest's wife?"

"About one hundred thousand dollars, my love," he replied.

"I have agreed to give Ernest that as your portion."

"One hundred thousand dollars?" she repeated.

"How much good might be done with that, papa!"

"May I venture to dispose of any portion of it before my death?"

The tears rolled down her father's furrowed cheeks as he replied:

"Yes, my darling, if it will afford you any gratification.

"My poor, afflicted, precious one, how can I deny you anything you can wish?"

"I only wish to use a part of the money, papa," she said, putting one arm round his neck, caressingly, and drawing his head close to her.

"I want to leave Barbara twenty thousand dollars; that sum will enable her to live comfortably, and be independent of her talents, except so far as she chooses to use them.

"Will you invest that money in the funds for her, or pay it into her own hands?

"Will you see that it is arranged so that she will certainly receive it, whatever may happen?"

"Yes, love, I promise you that she shall have twenty thousand dollars to dispose of as she thinks right," he replied.

"But she is proud, and will not receive it willingly," said Pauline.

"You must arrange it that she cannot refuse it.

"Make it a remembrance of your Pauline, and I think she will not then refuse to take it from one whom she has taught lessons that can never be repaid.

"But till then she must not know of it.

"Can you manage this for me?"

"Yes, without difficulty, I think," he replied.

"You will keep it secret?" said Pauline.

"Yes, till you give me permission to speak of it," he replied.

"And see that it be so conveyed to her as to prevent the possibility of her being deprived of it?" continued Pauline.

"I will fulfil every wish of yours, my darling," said her father.

"Anything more?"

"Yes," said Pauline; "will you let poor Susan have a hundred a year settled on her.

"She was really driven away from us because of her devotion to Barbara; and she must have the wrong repaired.

"You will do this, dear papa?"

"I will have it arranged in twelve hours from this time," he replied.

"You shall see the deed yourself, my darling."

"I fear not," she said, sadly.

"I hope not.

"Papa, I am weary; I am ready to go now.

"Life was once very sweet, and I love you dearly; but I should not have been happy, nor could I have made Ernest so, and it is better as it is.

"I have learnt whom I can trust, what is my true happiness and safety; and I go fearlessly to Him, who died for me, and whom I forgot so sinfully in my hours of health and gaiety.

"But all is peace now, even though I leave you and Ernest without the hope and happiness I would fain have bequeathed to you."

Colonel Forbes strove to control his emotion, for Dr. Hartwell had said that any agitation would inevitably hasten the poor girl's end; but large drops fell over the Colonel's cheeks as he looked at the dying face of his only child.

Pauline saw his emotion, and the floodgates of her heart seemed suddenly opened.

"My father, my father," she said, "I have been a care and a sorrow to you.

"I have been very wayward and exacting; but bear with your poor child; my days are numbered.

"Papa, when I am laid in the grave, then let Ernest and Barbara take my place."

"My darling," he said, clasping her in his arms and kissing her pale cheek, "you break my heart.

"Only tell me that you have been happy; tell me that you have never had a wish ungratified."

"Papa, my own dear, blessed papa, you have made my life only too blest, too bright," she replied.

"It is well that God mingled some bitterness in the cup.

"My heart is resigned and peaceful now.

"I know that all is well, that I shall go to my Saviour, instead of suffering a joyless, loveless existence in this weary world.

"And it will not be long, my father, before you will come to me, and we shall never part again."

She sank back exhausted, and faintly murmured, "Send Barbara to me, quick, quick."

Colonel Forbes hastened from the room, and despatched a servant to summon Barbara and Sir Ernest to the room, and then returned to the bedside of the sufferer.

Even his loving, hopeful heart saw that the icy shadow of death was over the beautiful young face, and that the sharp short trial had come at last.

But the wife, the mother, was she to be exiled from the bedside of her dying child?

It appeared a strange exclusion, that she whose bosom had been the first should not be the last resting-place of her child.

But at that moment Colonel Forbes could think of nothing but his dear Pauline, and he knew too well that her last moments would only be disturbed by the selfish murmurings of her who should have been her support and comfort in life as well as in death.

At last, when the end was at hand she should be summoned, but not until then.

In a few moments Ernest and Barbara entered the room, and stood by the dying girl's side.

Her eyes opened languidly as the sound of their gentle footsteps approached, and a loving, bright smile came over her pale face.

She stretched her hands towards them as they drew near, and clasped both theirs in one last convulsive grasp.

Pauline's look wandered from one face to the other, with a half-troubled expression that Barbara at least could read.

She stooped down, and whispered low but distinct words of comfort in her ear.

"Pauline, darling, all is known, forgiven, more than forgiven," she said.

"Our heart's love is yours, we will be friends for life, though I have nothing else but true regard to give.

"He loves you more tenderly than ever. Oh, if you could live to make him happy!"

Pauline shook her head feebly, but a placid content stole over her lovely features, and gave them an ineffable charm even in death.

Ernest stooped down and pressed his lips to hers with a tenderness that hallowed the fond caress.

"My Lina, my darling!" he said: "say that you love me, that you pardon me, ere I lose you for ever!"

"Not for ever," she whispered, throwing her arms around his neck.

"You will come to me, Ernest.

"Years are not long there!"

Her eyes were raised upwards with a calm, holy reverence.

It was marvellous to see one so young, so resigned, so peaceful in death: and Ernest and Barbara looked on her with a sort of reverence, while even the father's grief was hushed in the solemn presence of death.

Pauline lay still and quiet for some minutes: but her lips moved as if in prayer.

Barbara knelt down by her pillow, and murmured in low, soothing tones the last soothing prayer for the dying—the prayer uttered centuries before—that is still the one last, best petition of the Christian penitent—"Lord, remember me, according to thy great mercy, and receive my spirit in my best home!"

Pauline uttered a faint "Amen:" but the placid, elevated look on the young pale face spoke more than words the feelings with which she met her last hour.

Then a momentary strength seemed to revive her; she again opened her eyes and murmured,—"Mamma—send her."

Barbara passed swiftly from the room; a death-like stillness prevailed for a few minutes, till the sound of sobs and the soothing tones of the despised orphan's voice heralded the approach of the ignorant and selfish woman to whom Pauline's errors were in a great measure due.

The dying girl heard it, and a sad smile passed over her face but she was almost past human grief or agitation now.

One kind, loving look, one feeble pressure of her sobbing mother's hand, and then she closed her eyes wearily, and opened them on the bright world where partings are unknown.

Mrs. Forbes was borne in hysterics from the room; and the gentle Barbara, the scorned, maligned, dependant orphan, closed reverently and lovingly the eyes of the departed Pauline.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Scientific and Useful.

SELF-ACTING SIGNALS.—A new signal is at work in Paris. It is the invention of an Italian engineer, and works by electric agency. It is difficult to describe, but the mechanism comprises cast-iron cases placed along a railway, and containing electric apparatus, which causes the whistle of the locomotive to sound when the way is not clear, or when a train in advance has just passed. The communication between the apparatus and the engine is made by means of steel arms, which meet and act together.

MALARIA.—Malaria and its cause have been investigated in the district of old Rome by an Italian scientist. He believes that he finds the reason of the superior sanitary condition of the Romans in ancient days in the system of deep drainage practiced by the Romans, their sewers being often at a level of 20 yards below the surface of the present day, he thinks, can scarcely be more salubrious than the stagnant waters above ground, because of the combined action of the water and the atmosphere upon the tufa which lies beneath the surface of the soil.

PRESERVING TIMBER.—Among the more important recent inventions is an improvement in apparatus for preserving timber, by removing the sap and other volatile elements, and supplying their place by antiseptic agents without imparting the organic structure of the wood or changing its chemical character. The operation involves a vacuum arrangement, by which the wood is subjected first to a steam bath, the steam then condensed to produce a vacuum; a comparatively high temperature is maintained in the treating chamber during the production and continuance of the vacuum; and, to supply the vacuum and permeate the pores of the wood, oleaginous and preservative material is admitted under pressure.

Farm and Garden.

THE FARM.—No fixed rules can be laid down for the management of farms. The soil of one township may be best fitted for growing some kind of grain, while the adjoining ones can be most profitably devoted to live stock. The distance from market, the demand for special products, and, not the least individual taste of the farmer, have all much weight in determining the system of farm management that is best to adopt.

HANGING BASKET.—A serviceable hanging basket may be made by taking an old tin fruit can and slitting the sides into slits about three-fourths of an inch wide to near the bottom, and spreading them until it forms the shape of a fruit basket. They are held in position by a wire over which the end of each strip is bent. Suspend by wire, and paint any color desired. Fill with moss and soil, into which plant some suitable vines and flowers, and it will be a thing of beauty and a joy—as long as it lasts.

SNOW PLOWS.—Shoveling snow soon becomes hard work; a snow plow, with a horse to draw it is a great improvement over the shovel. Indeed the difference is quite as great as in working land by the plow and with the spade. A snow plow may often be a matter of co-operation among neighbors, if not in owning, at least in working it. In every well managed village one should be owned and operated for the general good. Even where the paths are not long enough to allow of the use of a horse, a hand plow, save in very deep snow is preferable to the shovel.

COMFORT FOR STOCK.—If stables generally could be warmed with safety by stoves there is no doubt that a saving in the amount of fodder would result. Much can be done in this direction by keeping the animals in well built stables, and free from all chilling currents of frost-laden air. A few hours of patching the walls, flooring, and doors, with very little expense for lumber, would have made its good effects evident within a single week at the dairy-room. A cow is not at her best when she must shiver with the frost and snow of a severe winter night.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

SIXTY-SECOND YEAR.

SATURDAY EVENING, DEC. 9, 1882.

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THE SEASONS.

What reflections ought the seasons not afford to the intelligent mind! Spring visiting the earth and bringing forth all that is most beautiful in nature, corresponds to the childhood of man when the mind is as pliable as wax, and receives their "first impressions" which exercise so great an influence on its future. And as the flowers begin to bud and the saplings to shoot forth, they speak in nature's silent language of the benignity of the Creator in His creation. So, too, the child, who is only in the springtime of his life, should be taught to praise the Eternal Maker and pour forth to Him alone, on whom all things depend, the homage of his yet guileless heart.

Summer comes fair and smiling, and the sweet fragrance of choicest flowers mingles in the air. The sky, the elements combine to show the earth in its most attractive form. Youth! know that summer, too will dispel her sunshine in your heart, and beware lest she leads you for a moment to fancy that her charms shall last forever. The summer of your life is the season when your passions begin to grow; and how often do they not leave behind them shame, regret, remorse, when the brief period of their ardor is over!

Autumn, "the decaying season of nature," succeeds, teaching us that all things on earth are made to droop and wither, and directing our thoughts, our affections, to that land beyond the clouds where the brightness of the night is equal to that of the day. The leaves fall and rustle beneath our footsteps, the warmth of summer has gone, leaving a chill behind, and bleak winds, whistling chilly upon our path, begin to herald winter's coming, as if mourning over the desolation which autumn had accomplished. And for you who are in the autumn of life it would be well to know that, whatever may have been the profusion of your spring or the warm intemperance of your summer, there is yet a season of stillness and of solitude which the beneficence of heaven affords you, in which you may meditate on the past and the future, and prepare yourselves for the mighty change that you are soon to undergo.

Winter at length arrives, with its cold, and hail, and snow; and the green fields are covered over with a cloth of dazzling whiteness. Within fires are kept burning brightly, and the sleet beating against the window-pane enhances the comfort of indoor life. And so, too, the man who is in the winter of life, and on whom age has poured out its whole store of diseases and sorrows, feels the chill of death pressing upon him, and the darkness as if of night obscuring his troubled eyes, whence, let us hope, he passes from the winter of life and nature into those beauteous regions of immortality and light where an eternal spring is promised to the children of God.

SANCTUM CHAT.

THERE is a time for everything. A time for labor, a time for study, a time for amusement. Order is the germ of success.

—

WOMAN'S rights are obtaining recognition in Norway. The Parliament has just passed a law, which the king has signed, giving women the privilege of attending the universities and applying for degrees in all the arts and sciences, but the right to hold office in the service of the State, and of participating in the competitive examinations for such positions, is not yet accorded to them.

—

AN Iowa paper has supplied a long felt want by giving to the public an obituary notice that bears upon its face the stamp of honesty. It says: "He gained his riches by loaning money, and handling notes and mortgages, had a State-wide name for his litigation in various counties and in the Supreme Courts, was grasping and heartless in his transactions, became divorced from his wife, and died without a friend."

—

SEVERAL gentlemen in the Treasury Department, and others outside, have compared notes during the past few months, and have come to the conclusion that the great seal of the United States is inaccurate in all that pertains to heraldry. This seal is now the same that was adopted by the Colonial Congress. The gentlemen mentioned have gotten up a memorial, which will be presented to Congress at its next session, pointing out the inaccuracies of the great seal, and asking that it be changed so as to be correct in heraldry. They have devoted a great deal of time to the subject, and are determined to see the seal of the United States put in proper shape if such a thing is possible.

—

IT seems as if tobacco were destined to universal empire. The latest sign of the times was furnished a fortnight ago in England when a Croydon evangelist invited the people to attend his services in their working clothes, and smoke their pipes if they pleased. This example would probably have proved more contagious if the experiment had not been cut short by the evangelist's arrest and sentence to pay a fine of eight dollars and costs for using abusive language to a woman.

—

A LONDON medical journal says: "The custom now is among ladies of 'ton' to wear a tea-gown, which, it may be explained for the uninitiated, is nothing more than an elegant form of dressing gown, the whole afternoon, when eating with the family, to dine in it. As its use usually enables the wearer to dispense with the corset, the hygienic value of the tea-gown is apparent. It has been stated that some ladies wear corsets even beneath the tea-gown, but they are in a small minority. If the tea-gown be the pioneer of other garments which may expunge corsets from the list of ladies' clothing, it should indeed be welcomed."

—

MR. HERBERT SPENCER declared that his observation in the United States has convinced him that persistent activity has reached an extreme from which there must be a reaction. Overwork is ruining the health of many of the best workers of the present generation, and through the wreck of their constitutions posterity must suffer. We have had "somewhat too much of the gospel of work. It is time to preach the gospel of relaxation." Mr. Spencer dissents from John Stuart Mill's assumption that life is for learning and working. He contends that "life is not for learning, nor is life for working, but learning and working are for life." Work is to supply the materials, and knowledge is to apply them in making living complete.

—

FRENCH actresses, after having exhausted the charms of skulls, coffins, and such like gruesome but inanimate objects, have taken to importing wild beasts as playfellows now. A lady, well known to Paris play-goers, recently bought a very fine Turkestan bear, and, having placed him in a cage, applied herself studiously to his education. He made such progress in good manners under tuition that at the end of a month she placed her garden at his disposal. This arrangement answered very well between herself and the bear, but a poor old woman employed by the actress happened to venture into the garden, and was embraced by the black monster with such extreme cordiality that on being rescued from his arms she had to be taken to the hospital.

—

A WESTERN letter-writer says: "I have just returned from Paris. See what I have brought my wife," said a wholesale jewelry dealer extending a small alligator to the reporter. The monster was of Roman gold, with ruby eyes, and a flat link in its nose. Four small diamonds were embedded perpendicularly down the back of its neck, the last one almost meeting a like row of jewels which ran out into the tail, graduating in width. Other rows were set on either side, making the entire back a mass of diamonds. While examining this fine piece of work the reporter's finger came in contact with a small spring in the tail, when the gem-encrusted back raised itself by a hinge at the neck, disclosing the face of a watch about as large as a gold dollar. The merchant then pressed another spring, which laid open the interior, a perfect system of minute works, with a stem-winder attached.

—

THE newspapers of Texas state that very successful efforts have been made to raise Angora goats on a large scale in that State. In the western part of the State there are, it is stated, several millions of acres of rocky, hilly undergrowth of live oak that will not support one sheep to twenty acres, one cow to forty acres, or one horse to fifty acres, and are, in fact, utterly worthless, except for the use of goats. These animals can be herded in large flocks with perfect safety, and to advantage. A stock-raiser in Western Texas has one herd of 3,000 graded Angoras, herded by one Mexican. In a report to the National Association of Wool Manufacturers, at Boston, Mass., he says that his goats "can be located in summer eight miles from their watering-place, and drink once in three days, returning to camp the same day—a great item in a dry country."

—

STATISTICS of the loss of life by fire in fourteen of the principal cities of Europe between 1869 and 1879, place London at the head of the list. In every 100,000 in that period 8.3 lives were destroyed, while in Munich only .4 of the same number perished. The *Pall Mall Gazette* can understand why fires in such towns as Cologne and Hanover, with their narrow thoroughfares, and old wooden houses, should generally result in serious loss of life, "but London," it says, "possessing, as it does, an extensive fire brigade and a fair supply of water, should at the least be as free from such accidents as the average city of the Continent. If these figures are corroborated by independent inquiry, they point to some serious defect in the construction of our houses or in our system for preventing fire."

—

THREE Englishmen have committed in Rouen Cathedral acts which are condemned by some as grossly improper, and which appear to find no defense in the London journals. It occurred to the men while in the Cathedral that it was the time and place for a prayer meeting, as they were about to depart for Paris. Accordingly they prayed and sang aloud, "to the stupefaction of the beadle, who was too taken by surprise to interfere." "Things will come to a pretty pass," says a correspondent of a London paper, "if an officer has to be stationed in every Catholic church to prevent the eccentricities of English zealots." The three men appear to have been in some way connected with the Salvation Army—if not in fact, at least in sympathy and methods of worship.

—

SOME of the illuminated buoys introduced in European waters have been made to burn thirty days, and some four times that period—those of a certain size containing sufficient to furnish the light for one year, the flame being constant and steady night and day, and requiring no attention whatever after being once put in operation. The lantern attached to the buoy admits air enough to feed the flame, but not a particle of water can enter. The most violent gales, or the greatest force of the waves, produce no effect up this light; it burns with undimmed brightness as long as gas is in its reservoir, and the light, it is asserted, can be thrown six or seven miles in clear weather. The refilling of the buoy at certain intervals, which is performed by a tender, requires but a few minutes' time; it is accomplished by simply passing the gas from a storeholder, by means of a flexible tube, into the buoy.

—

IT is strange that a people so scrupulously polite and so thoroughly controlled in all their movements by the iron hand of etiquette should not only tolerate but encourage some of the very things which the laws of English and American society positively prohibit, says a Saxony correspondent of a Chicago paper. But it is custom which determines what etiquette is and is not. In Saxony it is not impolite to smoke in the society of ladies; not any more than it is to carry a cane or wear a watch. Smoking is allowed in many of the first-class theatres; smoking is allowed usually after the first part of fashionable concerts. Smoking is allowed at the dinner table of the fashionable cafes and clubs. The Saxon ladies are accustomed to tobacco smoke, and pay no attention to it. It is not polite to smoke in a private house until you are invited to do so, but the invitation comes along as naturally as the request that you be seated on a chair or sofa. At the evening receptions and parties no smoking is allowed—that is, not in the company rooms, but there is a smoking-chamber, veranda, or balcony close by, where the gentlemen can go out and puff to their heart's content.

LIFE'S ESSENCE.

BY RICHARD REALF.

Fair are the flowers and the children, but their subtle
suggestion is fairer:
Rare is the rosebud of dawn, but the secret that clasps
it is rarer,
Sweet the exultance of song, but the strain that pre-
cedes it is sweeter:
And never was poem yet writ, but the meaning out-
masters the meter.

Never a daisy that grows, but a mystery guideth the
growing:
Never a river that flows, but a majesty sceptered the
flowing:
Never a Shakespeare that soared, but a stronger than
he did unfold him,
Nor ever a prophet foretells, but a mightier seer hath
foretold him.

Back of the canvas that throbs the painter is hinted
and hidden:
Into statue that breathes the soul of the sculptor is
bidden,
Under the joy that is felt lie the infinite issues of
feeling,
Crowning the glory revealed is the glory that crowns
the revealing.

Great are the symbols of being, but that which is sym-
boled is greater:
Vast the creator and beheld, but vaster the inward
creator:
Back of the sound broods the silence, back of the gift
stands the giving,
Back of the hand that receives thrills the sensitive
nerves of receiving.

Space is as nothing to spirit, the deed is outdone by
the doing:
The heart of the wooer is warm, but warmer the heart
of the wooing:
And up from the pits where these shiver, and up from
the heights where those shine,
Twin voices and shadows swim starward, and the es-
sence of life is divine.

Monteagle Manor.

BY ERNEST L. SMITH.

"MY only daughter, sir," said Colonel Monteagle; "and, as I venture to hope, accomplished in her way.

"We are not in the way of schools or academies here, but I have been her instructor myself, and she is a thorough mathematician, an excellent musician, and a linguist of no mean capacity.

"We are studying Hebrew now every day, she and I, and she devotes her evenings to comprehensive reviews of her Latin and Greek.

"She will be a scholar, sir, if I live to complete her education."

Mr. Crofton looked curiously at the oddly-assorted pair—the silver-haired shabbily-attired old gentleman, with his bald-forehead, eagle eye, and delicate white hands, and the dark-browed, sullen-looking girl, with the gipsy skin, untidy frock, and patched boots.

Pretty?

Yes, she might be pretty under some circumstances, but she certainly possessed no sweet feminine graces now.

"How old are you, Miss Monteagle?" he asked, finding it imperatively necessary to say something.

And Mary Monteagle answered in words, "seventeen," while her looks replied plainly "None of your business."

"Go, my child, and gather some flowers to deck our humble board," said the old gentleman, magniloquently, while he conducted the son of his oldest friend into the tumble-down old stone house, where the carpets were moth-eaten, the furniture mildewed, and every trace of decayed gentility told the sad story of better days.

Mrs. Monteagle, who had been a beauty once, was sitting up in state in a battered boudoir in a black silk dress that must have been quite a quarter of a century old, with a flower in her silver-sprinkled hair, oddly contrasting with the sharpened outlines and haggard abruptness of her sixty odd years.

And this was the way in which the old couple lived—in the dead past, as it were—Colonel Monteagle starving contentedly on the recollection of his past grandeur, and his wife fondly fancying that time had stood still since the day when she was a belle of society.

Mrs. Monteagle sweetly welcomed her guest, and touched the little hand-bell at her side.

"We will dine," she said to the maid.

"Please, ma'am," breathlessly uttered that young person, "there ain't nothin' for dinner.

"We eat the last of the cold beef yesterday, and the dog he upped over the pan of oysters, and——"

"That will do, Jane," said Mrs. Monteagle, with a red spot mounting to each of her cheek-bones.

"I said—we will dine."

And Jane withdrew with a jerk.

The dinner was served presently—an instance of the magnetic power of will—but there was no cold beef, neither were there oysters.

Fruit, a thin watery soup of herbs and parsley, a tastefully garnished salad of lettuce and mayonnaise, and a dish of peaches and cream formed the meal.

"Quite Arcadian!" said Mrs. Monteagle, with a giggle.

"And very badly served," secretly commented Mr. Crofton to himself.

"But the salad was nice."

"Where is Mary?" the colonel asked.

"Drinking in the beauties of the sunset, I presume," the lady answered airily.

"The dear child has an artist's soul, and we do not tie her down to any hours or rules."

The colonel fell asleep in his chair after dinner, Mrs. Monteagle and her painted fan withdrew themselves into the boudoir, and Mr. Crofton, inwardly bewailing himself that he had promised to stay a week at Monteagle Manor, sauntered out upon the heights which overlooked the valley below.

As he stood there a rustling sounded in the bushes, and the dark-browed gipsy sprang up the hillside.

"You have a fine place here, Miss Monteagle," he said, by way of making himself agreeable.

"I hate it!" said Mary.

"I beg your pardon!" exclaimed Mr. Crofton, in amazement.

"I do!" flashed out the girl. "I hate it all!

"The learning, and the grand pretences, and the miserable makeshifts."

"But——"

"Ah," said Mary Monteagle, "you don't know it all.

"You never heard the tradesmen howling at the back doors like a pack of wolves; you don't know that the house is advertised for sale for tax arrears.

"How should you?

"How should you know that the very clothes we wear are not paid for, nor the meals that cook our dinner?

"Papa smokes his cigars, and mamma poses in the great chair and dreams of embroidery work, and I am expected to learn Arabic and Sanscrit, and nobody knows what else, and ignore our wretched poverty.

"But I can't.

"Who could?"

Mr. Crofton looked pityingly at the girl's sparkling eyes, and pale excited face.

"I am very sorry to hear this," said he.

"Can nothing be done?"

"Yes," said Mary Monteagle brusquely, "something can be done, and I am doing it, as far as I can.

"But papa and mamma must not be allowed to suspect it.

"I am learning a trade."

"You!" he echoed, "a trade!"

"There's a factory near here," she said calmly.

"The country girls earn a little pocket money there, sewing.

"I am to have a machine as soon as I have learned to manage it.

"I go every evening while papa fancies I am at the Greek and Latin, to Farmer Pelham's, whose wife teaches me the use of the machine.

"I am learning housework, too.

"I made the mayonnaise for your salad to-day, and I baked the bread.

"Our servant can do nothing of the sort.

"But it would kill mamma to think that I stooped, as she would call it, to menial labor."

"You are quite right," said Mr. Crofton.

"That is what I wanted to know," said Mary.

"Because living here all by myself, in such a strange, unnatural atmosphere, I sometimes get confused, and scarcely know right from wrong."

"But they will have to know it, when——"

"When I really go into the factory," said Mary.

"Yes, I know that.

"But until then, I would spare them the pang.

"I am to have five shillings a day, Mrs. Pelham says, if I work the machine skilfully; and that will buy mamma many a little luxury, and go far towards paying the grocer and the baker."

"You are a noble girl," said Mr. Crofton warmly; and in his eye, at that moment, Mary Monteagle was glorified with rare beauty, as she stood there, the fresh wind blowing her jetty curls about, the reflection of the orange sunset deepening the color on her cheek, and the grave, far-away sparkle of her eyes half-veiled beneath the long lashes; "and if I could be of any assistance to you in this task——"

"You can," said the girl abruptly.

"You can stay here and amuse papa, so that he shall not suspect what occupies my time.

"You can divert his attention from Sanscrit and Arabic, and all these mysteries."

And, for the first time in his experience of her, Mary Monteagle laughed—a mellow, bird-like laugh.

"I will," said Mr. Crofton heartily.

And so the compact was sealed between them.

Instead of the week he had promised his father to spend with Colonel Monteagle his stay was extended to three.

At the end of that period he gravely addressed himself to the dark-eyed daughter of the house.

"How is the trade?" said he.

"I am to have a machine next week," said Mary, with the conscious pride of one who has conquered fate; "and then, only think of it, Mr. Crofton, I shall earn five shillings a day!"

"Mary," said Mr. Crofton seriously, "I have been thinking of another plan for you.

"You tell me that this farmer's wife has made a first-class housekeeper of you?"

"I baked mince pies yesterday," said Mary exultantly; "and I have quilted a quilt within the week."

"I don't like the idea of your going into a factory," said Mr. Crofton.

"Suppose, now, by way of variety, you were to marry me?"

"But you are not in love with me!" said Mary, opening her bright, black eyes.

"But I am," said Mr. Crofton, with great gravity.

"I have deliberately made up my mind that I cannot be happy without you.

"And although I don't profess to be a rich man, I believe I can make you a better allowance than thirty shillings a week, while at the same time you will not be compelled to work ten hours a day for it.

"That is the business-like view of the question.

"Now to the more personal one.

"Don't you think, Mary, that you could love me?

"Because I love you very much indeed!"

"I don't know," whispered Mary. "I might try."

And then she blushed charmingly.

So Colonel Monteagle's daughter went to her lover's home, and astonished every one there with her thorough knowledge of housekeeping in all its details.

And the two old people with the burden of insolvency and care lifted off their lives, dwelt quietly on in the ancient tower-like house, and talk to everybody who crosses their path of "the excellent marriage which my daughter Mary has contracted."

"A thorough scholar," says Colonel Monteagle, with dignity.

"A musician, a linguist, a thorough Hebrew student, and a proficient in Latin and Greek.

"I myself was her instructor.

"It is not singular that a girl of such intellectual power should marry well."

But Colonel Monteagle, honest man, never dreamed that it was the sewing-machine and the vehement struggle to get free from debt which conquered Mr. Crofton's heart.

There are plenty of scholars and poetesses in the world, but a real womanly woman, is not her price far above rubies?

His Revenge.

BY L. H. W.

AND you mean it, Jeanne, you mean those cruel words?

"Take care, lass! I'm a man, a strong man, too, beside whom you're naught but a pigmy: but something snapped inside me when I listened to your sweet, low voice, which never changed a whit when you said that as took all the sunshine out of my life.

"I think it was my heart as broke, Jeanne.

"Oh, don't take everything from me like that!"

There was almost a sob in Jack Withers' tone.

They were standing on the pier which jutted out into the sea, these two, and the little fishing smack belonging to the man danced on the blue crest of the waves.

But there was no relenting in the girl's face, a face which boasted a curious light and coloring, which at times lent her beauty.

A frown had gathered on her brow now, and a wilful pout was on the scarlet lips, beneath which gleamed the white even teeth.

"Not mean it, Jack Withers?

"Of course I mean it.

"Do you think it is such a pleasant thing to tell you that you misunderstood me when you thought I loved you, when you fancied one day I would be your wife?"

"Misunderstood you?" echoed the man, with quick, fierce passion, wheeling round that he might look down full upon her, his blue eyes blazing into hers with honest wrath.

"That's what you call it, is it?

"Well, I'd give it another name, if so be as I was asked.

"Misunderstood you when, unrebuked, you let my arm steal about your waist, when my lips rested on yours, and only the still night heard the sweet promises I so loved to seal there?

"Nay, nay, Jeanne!

"It's the French blood in your veins making you a coquette and a trifler.

"But don't go too far, my girl.

"It's an honest man's honest love I offer you.

"Oh, Jeanne, don't tell me that it's worthless to you!"

Impatiently she stamped her foot.

"Perhaps, however, it's my accent that's at fault."

She had roused the sleeping devil fully now.

It gleamed from the lad's eyes—it trembled in his voice.

"You're not deceiving me—don't think it!" he answered, clasping one slender wrist in a grip of steel.

"It's flesh and blood that stands between us, Jeanne—it's Pierre Andre!

"Deny it if you dare!"

But the girl's gaze met his unflinchingly, and she laughed, a little, low, scornful, mocking laugh.

"Ah, here comes Pierre!" she said, slightly turning her head as the sound of a hurrying footstep drew near.

"Perhaps he will make you let go my wrist.

"It's not my fault if you haven't heard our marriage banns read out in church for the past three Sundays."

He staggered back then as if she had struck him a mortal blow.

With a low moan he walked slowly away, reeling as if drunk, her mirthful laugh following him.

Like a man dazed he reached his mother's cottage.

Some one came, half-softly, half-shyly, forward to meet him, a girl, as yet scarce more than a child.

Ten years before her father's boat had gone down among the rocks, and ever since Jack's parents had taken her own parents' place.

They had cared for her like their own; they had taught Jack to feel for her like a sister.

But she, ah, it was not sister love she felt for him!

In her eyes he was a hero, and she gave him hero worship.

"Are you tired, Jack?" she whispered; "you look so white and strange!

"Oh, tell me, what has happened?"

"Hush child! you trouble me.

"In heaven's name leave me in peace."

She shrank at the sound of his voice, and her blue eyes filled with tears.

It was seldom indeed Jack spoke harshly; but her own pain was forgotten in her certainty that his suffering was so far beyond hers.

A while ago he had said something snapped within him.

Had it let the veil fall from his eyes where other matters were concerned? or did he mutely discover, as in obedience to his command the girl turned silently from him, that he to whom cruelty had been dealt might also deal it?

"Tell mother I'll not be back for a while and not to worry," he cried, and went out again from the house.

It was three days before he returned.

He had thought the problem out then, and he had walked straight to Mary Morton's side, and reaching out, took in his her small brown hand.

"Have I read aright Mary?" he asked.

"Do you love me?

"If so, let's be married without delay.

It was a strange curt wooing, but it opened upon the girl a flood of sunshine.

She forgot Jack had said nothing of his love for her, forgot the jealousy she had known in days not long gone by of the pretty French girl, forgot all save that a dream all unhoped-for had become a blessed and blissful reality.

A month later she and Jack stood before the little altar and were married.

Up to this moment a strange impatience had possessed him.

No lover, however exacting, could have more eagerly hailed his wedding-morn, but when it was all over a sudden fear crept about the girl-wife's heart.

What had she looked for?

What had she missed?

If a veil hitherto all unsuspected now crept into her life, she gave her secret to silence, and silence never betrays.

She was bright and cheerful always.

Why should she not be?

Had she not Jack—Jack, whose possession all the girls envied her, and who had chosen her, dependent and penniless, from them all?

One year later there came the crowning blossom to her happiness.

If sometimes she had shed secret tears, all unknowing why, she could never shed them again, for she was the mother of Jack's child, a boy—a little son.

Yet, watching Jack as he bent to kiss for the first time the little face lying on her breast, she sighed.

Something in the caress was wanting, but she was a poor little fisher-girl.

How she could tell this?

"Jeanne's banns were read again last Sunday," she said to her husband, when their boy was three months old.

"You know she and Pierre were to have been married more than a year ago, but Pierre's father died, and he had to go home to France.

"But he's on his way back now.

"They'll be married as soon as he arrives.

"They say he's come into quite a little fortune of his own.

"I saw Jeanne to-day.

"She looked so gay and happy——

"Why, Jack, what is it?"

For, with a muttered oath and a white face, the young man had started up, and only the slamming of the house-door answered her.

That night there was a terrible storm, such a storm as had not visited the coast in many years.

The sound of the waves lashing the shore, and the plash of the driving rain driven by the whistling wind against the cottage walls, wakened Mary from her slumber.

Unconsciously she pressed her baby closer to her breast, then stretched out her hand to make sure, with a sigh of thankfulness, that her husband was safe beside her.

The sigh was premature.

He was not there.

His place was empty.

She started up then, crying his name; but on the silence of the night a loud reverberating echo was her sole reply.

Well she knew what that sound portended.

It was the signal-gun of some vessel in distress.

Well she knew then what Jack's absence meant.

He had gone to the beach to be of what aid he could, stealing silently away while she slept, that she might not be anxious concerning him.

But for her child she would boldly have followed him out into the cold, and wet, and darkness; but because of her little son she dared not, though the dread was upon her heart.

She rose and dressed, and piled more faggots on the fire.

She set a lamp in the window, too, that Jack might see the light.

She filled the kettle with water.

When her husband came home he must be warmed and dried.

But when she had done all that there was to do, she had time for the terrible fear, which would not be driven away, to grow.

She laid her boy in his warm bed, and paced up and down the room, her eyes dry and tearless, but a great choking sob in her throat, while now and again the gun boomed forth its sound of woe.

The hands of the clock crept slowly on, when at last the something for which she had waited came.

Long before the men reached the cottage she had thrown the door wide open, and stood upon its threshold, lamp in hand.

What was the burden that they bore?

She knew now that it was for this had been her patient waiting.

Like one turned to marble, she led the way, till they laid him on his bed.

With a long tremulous sigh he oped wide his eyes.

With one wild cry of joy, she sank on her knees beside him.

Her terrible fear vanished; she had thought him dead—he was yet living.

"Thank Heaven!"

"It was a brave act, mistress, and pray Heaven his life has not paid the forfeit," spoke up one of the mob, wiping a tear from his eye.

"He'd been out to the wreck, and swam back to the shore with two men, when, by the light of the rockets, we saw another clinging to the mast.

"'We'll save him, too, boys,' said Jack.

"And in he plunged, we holding fast to the rope about his waist.

"It was a hard struggle, but he was nigh on to shore again when the man he was carrying spoke.

"We thought he'd grown too heavy, for Jack threw him from him as if he had been carrion, and he disappeared under the waves.

"Jack made two strokes for shore, but his purpose changed.

"He turned back; he caught the man again, nor ever let go his hold till the waves washed both at our feet.

"Jeanne Divot was there to receive her lover and kiss him back to consciousness; for it was Pierre, Jack had saved—saved at the cost of his own life, perhaps.

"Poor lad!

"Oh, here's the doctor now."

But after a short examination the physician turned sadly away.

His power was futile here.

As yet, the wife, poor soul, had spoken no word.

She now motioned for them all to leave her.

Silently they filed out of the room.

"Mary," said Jack—for he it was who was the first to speak, "poor lass!

"I've not made you quite happy.

"Forgive me, dear.

"I thought of you and the little one to-night in the midst of the breakers.

"I thought of you when I flung him from me.

"Don't tell our boy how near his father was a murderer.

"For it was that, Mary—it was that.

"But I turned back, my lass.

"Tell him that.

"You—you said her banns had been read.

"I've long owed her a debt.

"Is it paid, do you think?

"Not as I meant to pay it; but that, I guess, don't matter.

"The difference was that God, and not the devil, signed the bond.

"I thought of the joy in her face, which made its beauty.

"It would have been cruel, wife, to have blotted it out; and—and she loved him.

"Good little wife!

"Bend closer.

"Ah, you've been a true lass to me.

"Maybe in time—in time——"

The sentence was left unfinished.

Time had become eternity.

Wrongly Directed.

BY FLORENCE MEURER.

MR. JOHN THOMPSON came down to breakfast rosy, looking as happy as any reasonable man might desire to look.

His wife sat smiling at the head of the table, and his little daughter, Maude Amelia, on one side; while, to crown the measure of his content, broiled spring chicken and water-cresses—his favorite breakfast-dish—greeted his gratified gaze.

"So spring has come already, has it?" said Thompson, with a glance at the vernal fowl and its verdant accompaniment.

"Yes, indeed," responded Mrs. Thompson, as she smilingly poured out the coffee.

And then, with a pensive look, she continued.

"I was at Madame Robinette's yesterday, looking at the spring bonnets"—a slight shadow passed over Thompson's face—"the loveliest things that I ever beheld, and so cheap."

"Ah!" said Thompson, absently munching a cress.

"I tried on one," continued Mrs. T.—"a most exquisite white hat, with seven pink ostrich tips.

"It really made me look ten years younger."

"You're young enough," said her husband, a little abruptly.

"You wouldn't want to look like a schoolgirl."

"And then I just stepped into Field and Foster's," resumed Mrs. Thompson, "and really it was as good as a museum to see the exquisite spring goods.

"There was one brocaded spring silk—rosebuds on a dark ground—which so exactly suited my taste and complexion that it really seemed to have been made for me.

"I thought I would go right over to-day and get it before it is snapped up by some one else.

"It is only thirty-five dollars."

Thompson winced.

He began to understand about the true inwardness of the early spring chicken and cresses.

"My dear, couldn't you wait awhile?

"I have just at this time a pressing use for every shilling that I can command.

"Next week——"

But Mrs. Thompson had set down her coffee-cup, and was drawing out her pocket-handkerchief.

"I knew you'd refuse," she said huskily.

"But, Maggie, a woman cannot always understand what pressing need her husband may sometimes have for money in his business affairs.

"And let that hateful Mrs. Murchie get the silk——"

Just here the door-bell rang, and Miss Maude Amelia jumped down from her high chair and ran to answer it.

"It's your letters and papers, papa!" she cried, holding them up, "and one of 'em smells so nice, just like mamma's pretty bottles on her bureau!"

Thompson looked at the missive in question; so did his wife; and she noticed that it was in a lady's handwriting, and directed to "Mr. John Thompson."

She watched him as he glanced over the first few lines.

Then he looked at the signature, smiled—and folding the note without finishing it, glanced at his wife, colored a little, and slipped it under the papers beside his plate.

"Who is that perfumed envelope from?" inquired his wife.

"Why, a sort of business note," he answered indifferently.

"From a lady?" said Mrs. Thompson, suspiciously.

"Yes—from a lady," he admitted reluctantly.

"What business can a lady have with you?"

"Only a little private business matter.

"I will tell you in a day or two.

"Why," glancing up at the clock, and then consulting his watch, "it's later than I thought by ten minutes.

I must hurry."

And he did hurry; and in his haste went upstairs for something he had forgotten, leaving the letters on the table.

Mrs. Thompson did not allow the opportunity to passed unimproved.

She listened until she heard her husband's footsteps on the top stairs, and then, drawing forth the perfumed note, hurriedly opened it and read—

"DEAR J.—

"Where were you last night? I looked for you all the time, but in vain. Romeo and Juliet was lovely. Romeo reminded me of you. Thanks for your lovely lilies. Do you remember what you said to me on Tuesday, while eating ice-cream on the balcony? Well, I have thought it all over, and conclude that it will be the best after all. Come this evening early, and we will make arrangements. Toddy gone away. Nobody at home but L——and me.

"Yours only,

"K."

Thompson was heard coming downstairs.

His wife hastily slipped the note under the letters, and disappeared by another door.

He put the paper in his pocket and went away.

Then Mrs. Thompson went upstairs to dress the baby.

Her face was rosy red, and her eyes shone with an unusual brilliancy.

And as she performed this interesting maternal duty, she gave expression to her secret emotions in brief and emphatic sentences.

"So it was that which took him out on Tuesday evening!

"Went to that ball, when he told me he was going to his club supper.

"Oh yes! and expected to go to the theatre last night—only something prevented, and he stayed at home.

"Looking out all the evening for him, was she?

"The wretch!

"Romeo and Juliet indeed!

"A pretty Romeo—forty years old, getting bald, and the father of a family.

"And he sends her lilies.

"Wonder how much they cost?

"That's his pressing necessity for money just at this time.

"Keeps another woman in expensive bouquets, and refuses his wife necessary clothing.

"And he's to see her this evening.

"Oh, yes, indeed!

"Be quiet you little torment!" she said to the baby.

"Wants him to come early.

"Well, he will, no doubt; and so will I.

"I'll follow him, and find out who she is, and I'll expose her, if I live.

"Only he mustn't suspect.

"Oh, the deceitful, ungrateful—O-oh, John!"

Here she broke down, and hugging the baby close to her bosom, burst into an agony of tears and sobbing.

When Thompson came home that evening, he found his wife, nicely dressed and smiling, in the parlor.

He thought, after awhile, that there was something unusual about her.

She looked nervous and excited, and rocked her chair very fast as she knitted the baby's carriage-blanket, dropping a stitch now and then.

"What's the matter, Maggie?

"Aren't you well?" he inquired, standing before the fire, and looking down at her.

"Oh, yes—perfectly well!" she replied, with a toss of her head, and dropping two stitches.

Thompson sat down and unfolded his evening paper.

Then his wife looked up with a smile.

"Going to the theatre to-night?"

"No.

"There is nothing much worth seeing, and you know I don't generally care about it."

"Don't you, indeed?

"I thought you liked Romeo and Juliet."

"They had that last night.

"Hamlet to-night, I believe," said Thompson.

"Would you like to go?"

"I go?

"No, indeed!" with another toss, and dropping three more stitches.

Thompson began to read the report of the queen's speech to the parliament.

Mrs. Thompson's speech broke in upon it—

"Was it pleasant at the club" (deep, sarcastic emphasis on 'club') "Tuesday night?"

"Very.

"Some capital songs and speeches."

"Oh, no doubt!

"Some very agreeable speeches.

"He, he!

"And it was cool and pleasant on the balcony?"

"What balcony?"

He was looking at her with eyes a little wider than usual; and she thought she had him now.

He might pretend ignorance and innocence, but he could not deceive her again.

"What's the price of lilies?" she inquired, fixing her eyes upon him.

"Lilies?

"I really don't know."

"Oh, the hypocrite!

"The cold-blooded deceiver!" thought she.

But she only remarked sarcastically—

"Ice-cream is good."

Thompson turned a little pale as he looked at her.

She perceived this, and gave a triumphant hysterical giggle.

"Maggie, my dear," said Mr. Thompson, gently laying aside his paper, and speaking in a fluttering voice.

"Oh, yes!

"I'm your dear, am I?

"Yours only, of course.

"Ha, ha!

"Oh, my!

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Thompson was white now.

He sat for a moment looking intently at his wife, then started up and seized his hat and gloves.

"Where are you going?" inquired Mrs. Thompson, with a sudden forced calmness, while her eyes glittered ominously.

"Only to step out on a little business matter," he replied.

Then he slipped into the nursery where the maid was.

"Mary," he said breathlessly, "go downstairs and stay with your mistress.

"Don't leave her for an instant until my return.

"If possible, get her to bed.

"She's ill, and I'm going for a doctor."

Mary obeyed.

She found her mistress in the pantry, frantically attiring herself in an ulster and a poke-bonnet with a veil.

"Lor'a, ma'am!" said Mary, "whereso-ever are you going this time of evening by yourself?"

"Go upstairs and stay with the children," said Mrs. Thompson imperiously.

"I have a little errand to attend to."

"Oh, mum," cried the distressed Mary, "hadn't you better stay in and lie down, mum, and get over it?"

"Get over what?" said Mrs. Thompson sharply, as she buttoned up the ulster on the way to the door.

"Master said you was indisposed, mum, and that I was to watch you and get you to bed, and that he had gone for a doctor."

"Gone for a doctor?

"Oh, the deceitful villain!" thought Mrs. Thompson, as she placed her hand on the door knob.

But the door was locked, and the key gone.

"This is too much!" she cried.

"He knew that I had found it all out, and would follow him.

"And to be locked up in my own house, and have my own servants to act watch over me!

"I'll never submit to it—never!

"I'll go home to my darling mother, and never leave her again!"

The thought came like an inspiration, and she at once proceeded to act upon it.

When Thompson returned, in about ten minutes, with the family physician, he was met in the hall by the bewildered Mary.

Her mistress was at the top of the stairs, looking down upon them and listening.

"Oh, sir, missus is in sitch a way. She's packing up all her things and going to run away, and carry the precious children along with her."

"I told you so, doctor," said Thompson, with a look of agony.

"She's entirely out of her mind.

"Can nothing be done for her?"

"Before I see your wife," said the doctor deliberately, "describe to me as well as you can how this sudden attack came on.

"Have you observed any symptoms before this evening?"

"Never."

"Has anything occurred during the day to excite or affect her?"

"Not that I know of.

"At breakfast she was as well as usual, except——

"Ah, stay! she was a little worried by my not being able to supply her at once with money for a spring bonnet and dress——"

"Ah," said the doctor knowingly.

"Two such cases in the Midland Asylum now.

"Anything else?"

"Nothing, except——

"Yes, there was a little vexation about a letter."

"A letter?" said the doctor, looking interested.

"Nothing of importance.

"I happened to receive a letter, which, upon opening, I discovered to be intended for quite another person—young John Thompson, of Cresswell & Co.

"It was from a lady friend, and I, of course, could not gratify Mrs. Thompson's curiosity in regard to it, and she seemed vexed."

Mrs. Thompson crept away from the head of the stairs, and very quietly laid down upon a lounge.

She looked pale but serene.

"How are you now, dear?" inquired her husband, silently seating himself by her side.

"A great deal better, love. I must have had a nervous attack; but it's over now."

A few days thereafter the whole town was excited and triumphant over the elopement of young John Thompson with the lovely Kate Lindsay, whose cruel and hard-hearted brother, Todd, had opposed their union.

"I fully expected it," said Thompson to his wife.

And then he told her all about the letter.

"Why didn't you tell me this at once?" inquired Mrs. Thompson reproachfully.

"Because, my dear, I knew that you, or any other woman, would have told it in confidence to a dozen friends, and so have spoiled the lovers' plan."

THE STORY OF THE NILE.—Although the Nile is not in Europe, there are at this moment so many Europeans on the Nile that some remarks about it will not be amiss. The word Nile in Arabic means blue, but the word does not well describe the color of the water. At Cairo the stream is of a grayish tone, with a slight touch of red in it. The ancient name for the river was Hapi-Moou, the last word being identical with the Coptic for water. Hapi or Apis was the sacred bull of Memphis, and there were numerous temples erected to this deified form of the Nile. The overflow of the river was considered to be the marriage of Isis and Osiris, and even at the present day there is the remains of this belief found in an Arab ceremony. A pillar of mud now represents the bride. It is erected at the entrance to one of the canals near Cairo, and is swept away by the rushing waters when the dam is opened. The Mohammedan tradition is that the mud pillar was substituted by a Mohammedan ruler for a virgin whom the Christians used to sacrifice there every year. This ceremony takes place about the 10th of August, when the overflow is generally approaching its highest point. The first indication of the rise appear in lower Egypt about the beginning of June, and continue until September, when the full overflow is reached.

The height of the inundation is of the greatest possible importance to the people of Egypt. A rise of only eighteen feet at Cairo is looked upon as approaching a famine year. Up to twenty-seven feet the rise is good, but above that height it becomes a flood and carries away the dykes, destroying the crops and breeding pestilence among men and cattle. The 10th of August is the date upon which the dams are opened and the water allowed to overflow the country. When the Nile begins to fall the openings are closed, but the waters remain on the land until they are dried up in November or December. During this period the only roads are the tops of the dykes, and these are likely to be swept away if there is an unusually high tide. It may be worth mentioning that the Nile water is considered to be most wholesome, and an Arab proverb says:

> Drink Nile water, and you will ever wish
> To have Nile water in your drinking dish.

It is said that the deposed Khedive, when he visited London some years ago, brought a supply of Nile water with him, and would drink no other kind during his sojourn. But to prefer the Nile to the Thames is not an excessive praise of the former.

CLEANING BLACK SILK.—One of the things "not generally known," at least in the country, is the Parisian method of cleaning black silk. The modus operandi is very simple. The silk must be thoroughly brushed and wiped with a cloth, then laid flat on a board or table and sponged well with hot coffee, thoroughly freed from sediment by being strained through muslin. The silk is sponged on the side intended to show, it is allowed to become partially dry, and then ironed on the wrong side. The coffee removes every particle of grease, and restores the brilliancy of the silk.

COURTING RUSSIAN GIRLS.

LOVE is the same the world over, but "courting" is managed very differently in different countries.

Russian courting, among the middle classes, is peculiar.

The first Whit-Sunday after the young girl is acknowledged by her mother to be of marriageable years, she is taken to the Petersburg summer garden, to join the "bridal promenade.

This consists of the daughters of the Russian tradesmen walking in procession followed by their parents.

Up and down they go, pretending to chat with each other and to take no notice of the young men—the tradesmen's sons dressed in their best clothes—who walk in another procession on the other side.

However, every now and then, some young fellow slips out of his proper rank and adds himself to the line of girls on the other side, speaking to one particularly.

The parents of the girl join in the conversation in a few moments, and soon they leave the promenade and are joined by the parents of the young man.

Generally, the old folks have talked it well over before, but on this occasion every one pretends to be surprised.

On the next day a female *confidante* calls on the girl's parents and requests her hand. This granted, all the relations on both sides meet and argue about the portion to be given with the girl.

If this is not satisfactory, all is at an end: if it is what is expected, the betrothal takes place.

The bride and bridegroom kneel down upon a great fur mat, and the bride takes a ring from her finger and gives it to the bridegroom, who returns the gift by another.

The bride's mother meanwhile crumbles a piece of bread over her daughter's head, and her father holds the image of his daughter's patron saint over his future son-in-law's well-brushed locks.

As they arise the bridesmaids sing a wedding song.

The guests each bring forward a present of some sort.

Wine is handed about, and some one says it is bitter and needs sweetening. Upon this the bridegroom kisses the bride—the sweetness being supposed to be provided by this kiss—salutes the company and takes his leave, on which the bridesmaids sing a song with a chorus something like this:—

Father has given [illegible]
But [illegible] be still more happy."

Courting time has now begun.

Every evening the lover comes to his lady's home with a present which is always something good to eat—generally cakes or sugar-plums.

He makes love under rather awkward circumstances, for the bridesmaids sit round the betrothed pair in a circle, singing songs descriptive of their happiness.

The last evening of the courtship is enlivened by the presentation of the gifts of the bridegroom, which must include brushes, combs, soap, and perfumery.

On receiving these, the bridesmaids instantly carry the bride away, and wash her, dress her hair, and perfume her pocket-handkerchief.

Thus touched up, she returns to the company, and the bride's father gives his future son-in-law the marriage portion, which he takes home with him in a neat bag.

The next morning he returns for the lady herself.

She receives him with her hair unbraided and flowing down her back.

They are married by the ceremonies of the Greek Church, and the old folks never go to the wedding dinner.

These eternal bridesmaids, whom they must hate by this time, are there, however, still on duty, and the evening closes by the bride kneeling down and pulling off her husband's boots to prove her intention to be an obedient and submissive wife.

Kind natured bridegrooms generally hide jewelry or money in their boots, which the bride may take possession of as being for her pride.

After the wedding-day the parents begin to give feasts, and keep it up a week, and it is not until all this is over that the "young couple" see those blessed bridesmaids take their departure.

They are then compelled to kiss them, and give them each a present.

SAWDUST.—A lumber journal calls attention to the wonderful possibilities of sawdust as follows: We have been shown a model of a car wheel consisting of an iron rim of seven inches outward diameter by one-half inch thick, fitted with a well-proportioned hub, the space between the hub and rim filled with pine sawdust, pressed in so solidly that we are ready to believe the assertion that resting the iron rim upon bearings, a pressure equal to 25 tons applied to the hub, failed to develop any signs of weakness. Sawdust car wheels, sawdust brick, sawdust fence posts, railroad ties, and even sawdust window and door frames, wainscoting and mouldings began to appear among the possibilities of the immediate future.

"Can Sleep Now and Feel Rested."

A clergyman writes: "Your Compound Oxygen has done much for me. What I value most is, that I can sleep now and feel rested in the morning, a privilege which I did not have for two years." Our Treatise on Compound Oxygen, its nature, action and results, with reports of cases and full information, sent free. DRS. STARKEY & PALEN, 1109 and 1111 Girard Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

New Publications.

"The Live Oak Boys; or, The Adventures of Richard Constable Afloat and Ashore" is the title of a new book for boys by the well known author Elijah Kellogg. In the numerous and highly entertaining episodes of the story there are many valuable truths conveyed in a pleasant way, important both to old and young. When excellent lessons are taught, under the guise of interesting reading a book becomes doubly commendable and this is just the character of the present volume. The fancy is charmed with the more serious while heart and mind are imperceptibly benefitted. Lee & Shepard, Publishers, Boston. For sale by Claxton & Co., Philadelphia. Price $1 25.

Any book to which the name of Oliver Optic is appended is sure of a welcome with the boy population so we may feel certain they will be pleased with "All Adrift; or, The Goldwing Club" just issued by Lee & Shepard. It is the first volume of a new set to be called "The Boat-builder Series." The story is full of adventure by water and land, in which the hero and other lads take prominent parts, and besides contains a good deal of useful information, all the while teaching an excellent moral. The text is illustrated by eight fine engravings. Lee & Shepard, Publishers, Boston. For sale by Claxton & Co. Philadelphia. Price $1 25.

Our Little Ones, illustrated stories and poems for little people, William T. Adams, (Oliver Optic,) Editor. With three hundred and eighty illustrations. Illuminated covers, $1. Many a person will wish [illegible] when he comes to glance over the pages of "Our Little Ones," the second series of which has just been published by Lee & Shepard. Within the compass of nearly four hundred pages, the book comprises matter for the child's full equipment in all the varied branches of a primary education. As a holiday gift for any boy or girl, Our Little Ones is unsurpassed, and the pleasure and instruction which its pages afford will continue throughout the entire year for all children under their teens. For sale by Claxton & Co., Philadelphia.

MAGAZINES.

Arthur's Illustrated Magazine, for December, is, as usual, brimful of useful and entertaining matter. The literary part of the contents is of the best, and the same may be said with additional emphasis of the various household departments. Arthur & Son, Publishers, 227 S. Sixth street, Philadelphia.

The grand *Magazine* [illegible] by Cassell, Potter & [illegible] York, has, from its establishment, occupied a place of eminence altogether its own. The issue for December even excels those that have gone before. The leading pictorial feature is a magnificent full-page etching, entitled, "Maiden Dreams," which in itself is worth a year's subscription. The general contents are also more or less beautifully illustrated. $3.50 per year.

The *North American Review*, for December, commands attention no less by the eminence of its contributors than by the value and timeliness of its table of contents. First, there is a symposium on The Health of American Women, regarded from three distinct points of view. Gov. Buren R. Sherman, of Iowa, writes of the Constitutional Prohibition of the liquor traffic in that State. General Grant, in an article entitled, An Undeserved Stigma, states the facts of Gen. Fitz-John Porter's case. Richard A. Proctor writes of The Influence of Food on Civilization. Prof. Fisher, of Yale College, defines the causes of The Decline of Clerical Authority. Finally, there is a symposium upon the conditions of Success On the Stage, the contributors being six of our most prominent actors—John McCullough, Joseph Jefferson, Madame Modjeska, Lawrence Barrett, Maggie Mitchell and William Warren. North American Review, New York.

The contents of the *Sanitarian* include Epidemiological Society Report, Why Sewer Traps are Unreliable, The Pavement Question, To Prevent Lead Pipes from Bursting by Freezing, Death by Hanging, Disguised Syphilis, Reduction of the Death Rate, Panama Canal Sanitation, American Public Health Association, Sanitary Exhibits, National Board of Health Reports, The Yellow Fever, A Common-sense Outhouse, Mortality Statistics—United States and Foreign, Vital Statistics of Immigration, and other highly interesting and valuable articles. Dr. A. H. Bell, Publisher, New York.

Lippincott's Magazine, for December, opens with a finely illustrated article on Block Island, The Island of Manisses, by Charles Burr Todd, who gives a vivid and entertaining description of the life of the fishermen and the wreckers. Newburgh and its Centennial is the title of a valuable and highly interesting historical paper, recounting the final events in the War of Independence. The Earlier and Later Work of Mr Howells is the subject of a critical paper. The career of Felix Mendelssohn is ably outlined by Edwin D. Mead. A day in Cayoteville, by Laura Wells Morse, gives an amusing sketch of Western life and manners. Among the short articles in the Monthly Gossip is one by Amelia E. Barr, describing the childhood and early home of Adelaide Neilson. Fairy Gold, which has delighted the readers of this magazine during the past six months, is brought to a close in this number, and is to be followed by a longer serial The Jewel in the Lotus, by Mary Tinsker. J. B. Lippincott & Co., Publishers, Philadelphia.

Humorous.

What is that which is often found where it is not?

When is a girl like a music book? When she is full of airs.

The worm always turns—sometimes into [illegible]

Never be at your place of business when a person wants to borrow money of you, because if you are in you will be out, but if you are out you will be in.

An English tourist says that in giving [illegible] he Welsh accompaniments [illegible] he always kicked, and then pointed the direction he went.

A new stove has been invented for the comfort of travelers. It is to be put up under the car, with a mustard plaster on the head, which draws the heat through the whole system.

Orchestra players are getting to be intolerably conceited. The piccolos are dreadfully high-strung, the trumpeters are always blowing their own horn, the fiddlers complain that they are overworked to such violent exercise, and the drummers are hit on every hand.

Scientific men in Japan are said to be discussing the possibility of utilizing the internal heat of the earth. If some of these learned boys would find a way of utilizing and carting off some of our summer's external heat, we should be glad to use our influence to get them the contract.

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As it is for all the diseases of the KIDNEYS, LIVER AND BOWELS.

It cleanses the system of the acrid poison [illegible]

THOUSANDS OF CASES of the worst forms of this terrible disease have been quickly relieved, and in short time PERFECTLY CURED.

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SURE CURE

For Dyspepsia or Indigestion [illegible] Sick Headache, Bilious Attacks, Vertigo [illegible] with frequent belching of Wind, Bad Taste in the Mouth, Burning Sensation at the Stomach, and all ills which drive many to the use of Dyspepsia or Indigestion [illegible] relief is directly [illegible] processes of digestion, absorbing gases, promoting [illegible] appetite, and giving to [illegible]

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[illegible] ing stamp for postage. P. F. TRIFET, 25 School Street, Boston, Mass.

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R. R. R.

RADWAY'S READY RELIEF.

[illegible] In from [illegible] PAIN with [illegible] how violent or excruciating the [illegible] MATIC, Bed-ridden, Infirm, Crippled, [illegible] Sciatica, or prostrated with disease may suffer, RADWAY'S READY RELIEF will afford instant ease [illegible] of the Kidneys, Inflammation of the Bowels, Congestion of [illegible] Headache, Toothache, Neuralgia, Colds, Sprains, Pains in the Back or Limbs, are instantly relieved.

MALARIA IN ITS VARIOUS FORMS, FEVER AND AGUE.

[illegible] a remedial agent in the world that will [illegible] Fever and Ague, and all other Malarious, Bilious, [illegible] Typhoid, Yellow and other fevers, aided [illegible] RADWAY'S READY RELIEF [illegible] according to directions.

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THE TRUE RELIEF.

RADWAY'S READY RELIEF is the only remedial agent in vogue that will instantly stop pain.

Fifty Cents per Bottle.

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The Great Blood Purifier.

FOR THE CURE OF CHRONIC DISEASE, SCROFULA OR SYPHILITIC, HEREDITARY OR CONTAGIOUS,

WHETHER SEATED IN THE

Lungs, Stomach, Skin, Bones, Flesh or Nerves,

CORRUPTING THE SOLIDS AND VITIATING THE FLUIDS.

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Not only does the Sarsaparillian Resolvent excel all [illegible] in the cure of Chronic Scrofulous, Constitutional and Skin Diseases, but it is the only [illegible]

Kidney and Bladder Complaints, [illegible] Diabetes, Retention of Urine, [illegible]

[illegible] Dose. [illegible] bottle. One Dollar per Bottle.

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A VEGETABLE SUBSTITUTE FOR CALOMEL.

Perfect Tasteless, elegantly coated with sweet gum, purge, regulate, purify, cleanse, and strengthen [illegible] Purely vegetable, [illegible] no calomel or deleterious drugs [illegible] the following symptoms resulting [illegible] Fulness or Blood in the Head, Acidity of the Stomach, Nausea, Heartburn, Disgust for Food, Fullness of Weight in the Stomach, Sour Eructations, Sinking or Fluttering at the Heart, Choking or Suffocating Sensations when in a Lying Posture, Dimness of Vision, Dots or Webs before the Sight, Fever and Dull Pain in the Head, Deficiency of Perspiration, Yellowness of the Skin and Eyes, Pain in the Side, Chest, Limbs, and Sudden Flushes of Heat, Burning in the Flesh. A few doses of RADWAY'S PILLS will free the system from all the above named disorders.

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Please say where you saw this advertisement.

Our Young Folks.

BEAR HUNT.

BY HAROLD I. ROSSITER.

"NOW for a bear hunt," said George Gaston—a fine-looking boy of sixteen, aboard the whale-ship Junior, anchored off one of the Islands of the Aleutian Archipelago, near which many whales had lately been seen.

Gaston was the captain's son.

He was a daring boy, fond of adventure.

But he was tired of whale-hunting, and, like a lad of spirit as he was, he felt a strong desire to engage in some perilous fight with a bear or other fierce animal in which he alone would have a chance to win the "laurel of victory"—for, with the natural confidence of youth, hardly doubted that he would come off conqueror in any such encounter.

"We did not come here for them; we came for oil."

On the next day a white bear was for an instant seen, far in the distance, as it moved along an elevated ridge of ice-covered rock.

George requested his father to permit him to go and kill the animal.

"I'd rather ask me to let you go and get killed by the animal," said the captain.

"I can tell you, my boy, that a hungry white bear is not quite so easy to make away with as you think.

"However, I will set out with a party of my men this afternoon, after that bear, and you may go with us."

But George did not like this arrangement for as previously stated, he wanted to fight the bear single-handed.

It then occurred to him that it would be a capital thing to get the start of his father's men, and to attack and kill the bear before they could come up.

He therefore coaxed his parent, until at last he won his consent to let him set out a couple of hours before the others.

"Don't go far," said Captain Gaston, "but [illegible] and wait for us before you are out of [illegible] of the ship.

[illegible] and he would do so.

When the time came for his starting, he jumped into the whale-boat, and was pulled to the shore.

He wore a pair of high boots, corduroy trousers, a thick seal-skin jacket, with horn buttons, and a fur cap.

Around his waist was a broad leather belt in which was thrust a long knife, and he also carried a good rifle.

"I told father I would wait for him," he [illegible], as he walked on, after gaining shore, "and so I will," but I think the [illegible] will appear before he and his men come.

"If I see the animal, I shall attack [illegible]"

On he went, with his rifle half-cock.

He had proceeded some distance ere he noticed that he was out of sight of the ship.

He then made a pause and looked eagerly around him, hoping to see the bear.

Standing near the edge of a group of conical rocks, he did not observe a party of natives who were approaching, until they suddenly emerged around the angle formed by one of the [illegible] masses.

They were seal-skin coats, caps and leggings, and had fish-bone rings in their ears.

They were short of stature, with square faces, high cheek-bones, and small keen eyes.

On seeing him, they gathered round him, [illegible]aking deep guttural voices, but he could [illegible] his head to imply that he did not understand them.

He anticipated no trouble with them, for they had the appearance of belonging to a tribe whose people had visited the ship for trade, since she came to anchor off the island.

He was therefore surprised and dismayed when one of them suddenly snatched his rifle from his grasp.

Ere he could remonstrate, he was hurled down on his back, and, while two of the natives held him, another proceeded to search his pockets.

[illegible] was not disturbed; the [illegible] was that, as they had [illegible] of their [illegible].

Having robbed him, they tied his wrists behind his back with stout thongs of walrus hide cut from a line of this material attached to the end of one of the spears, with which all were provided.

He was then helped to his feet and ordered by signs to move on.

He hesitated for a moment, but they pricked him menacingly with their spears, and he started forward.

After a walk of several miles they paused and, freeing his wrists, tied him to a slender column of rock with the walrus thong, which was passed in several turns about [illegible] and secured with a [illegible] knot behind the rocky spire, so that [illegible] could not [illegible].

They then left him, hurrying off towards the interior.

"The rascally thieves!" muttered George, "[illegible] have gone [illegible]"

He [illegible] to free himself from the column of rock.

An hour after hour passed his heart sank.

Again and again he shouted, but he heard no response.

There was no signs of his father and his men.

In fact it was doubtful if they could discover him.

There was a prospect of his remaining where he was long enough to freeze to death for as it was early in the spring season, the weather here was very cold.

He was still tugging at the thongs when he heard a low growl not far off.

The growling seemed to draw nearer.

There was a crackling sound on a rock that rose slantingly upwards a few yards in front of him.

Small particles of ice fell from crystal masses on the brow of the elevation and slid to its base.

All at once the largest of these masses was hurled crashing downwards, and a form of the huge white bear appeared on the edge of the rock.

The animal was nearly six feet in length.

Small particles of ice adhering to its soiled shaggy hide, and the loss of some of the hair from its head, added to the wild ferocity of its appearance.

Its bloodshot eyes rolled sideways as it stood looking askance, with its pointed snout thrust forward at the boy fast to the rock, and it gave utterance to a deep savage growl, showing the inside of its red mouth and its long sharp fangs.

For a moment it stood there; then it descended the elevation and approached the lad.

Bound to the rugged column and deprived of his rifle; George gave himself up for lost.

Nevertheless, mustering all his resolution, he resolved to struggle to the last as well as his situation would permit.

Drawing his long hunting-knife, he grasped it firmly and stood ready.

The bear was soon within two feet of him.

Up it rose and threw itself towards him to grasp him in the fatal hug.

George made a thrust, but before the point of the knife could reach it, the fore-paws of the beast closed around him, pinning both his arms to his side.

With a cry of horror George threw his head far sideways, as the fangs of the bear were thrust towards his throat.

This movement caused the mouth of the animal to strike his breast.

His thick fur seal coat was some protection, as the bear strove to tear a way through with its teeth the latter were caught in the thongs of walrus hide.

Still holding tightly to its intended victim, the enraged beast, snarling, growling, endeavored to extricate itself from the [illegible] thongs.

[illegible] them asunder, and George now fell to the ground.

The loosening of his arms enabled him to make use of his knife.

He plunged it upward into the bear's side when the animal, turning its snout around, endeavored to grasp his wrist and hand.

George rolled quickly over, sprang to his [illegible] and [illegible] as the bear had previously [illegible].

The shaggy [illegible]

The boy grasped a spur of ice on the summit to draw himself up, but the ice gave way, and to his dismay he slid against his shaggy enemy ere he could stop himself.

The bear threw itself towards him, but as its paws closed around him he made a thrust at it with his knife, plunging the weapon to the hilt in the creature's breast.

The infuriated animal would in a few minutes have torn the boy's throat to pieces had he not shielded it with his left arm, the tough seal-skin sleeve of which was some protection against the sharp [illegible]

Meanwhile, holding the knife in his other hand, he drove it again and again into the bear's body.

Snarling and growling, crunching fiercely at the protected arm, the bear kept shifting its position.

A moment later, its hind feet striking a part of the rock glazed with ice, it fell on its side, and still holding to the boy's arm, drew him with it, both sliding down the slippery declivity to its base.

George had managed to retain his knife during the descent, but, unfortunately, his right wrist had been sprained, so that the weapon was now useless to him.

But the blows which he had already given the bear had weakened it, and it was evident that, as its life-blood still flowed, it would soon be unable to harm the lad.

As if aware of this, the savage beast again threw itself towards him, falling almost directly upon his body and thus pinning him to the ground so that he could scarcely move.

As his arms were now under it, held by the weight so that he could not free them, George gave up all hope.

The horrid head and flaming eyes of the bear were thrust towards his face.

He closed his eyes, expecting to feel the sharp teeth tearing through the flesh of his throat, when suddenly he heard the sharp crack of a rifle, followed by a ringing shout.

He looked, to see the bear's head quivering and swaying, with a stream of blood flowing from one eye, which had been struck by a well-aimed bullet that had penetrated to its brain.

An instant later, over went the animal, falling on its side in the throes of death.

"Thank Heaven!

"[illegible]" came the [illegible] with [illegible] rifle, [illegible] followed by his men.

"We have found you just in time.

"Are you hurt, my boy?"

"Not much," answered the lad, as he sprang up displaying his bleeding arm.

His explanation was soon made.

"The rascals!" said the captain, alluding to the natives.

"Some of them are a thieving set.

"I will pay them off if they ever come aboard my craft again."

But, as may be supposed, the natives never again boarded Gaston's vessel.

The skin of the bear is still preserved by the captain, who can never look at it without a shudder, as he recalls to mind the situation of his brave son, when he fired the well-aimed shot that saved the boy's life.

A FREE AND EASY PEOPLE.—The Afghans of India are free and easy in their manners, and in familiar intercourse are apt to lose sight of the distinction between honesty and stealing.

They have a saying which they are very fond of repeating to their English friends: "Your house is my house and my house is yours," and they are given to act on the precept in a rather one-sided way by helping themselves to whatever suits them or takes their fancy.

I heard a missionary friend say that on one occasion an Afghan visitor came to him and presently opened one of his boxes and took out a pair of stockings, with the remark: "I want a pair of stockings, you are my brother, your stockings fit me;" and so saying he coolly drew them on, with a self-satisfied air, as though he had done a rather smart thing—and so he had.

In affairs of the heart the Afghans follow more the European custom of letting the young ladies have an option and choice in the matter—a degree of liberty which is utterly unknown in India—though sometimes parents act arbitrarily. Some time ago a very touching incident occurred in one of the tribes.

The head man of one of the villages wished to marry his daughter to an old man the chief the tribe. But the girl loved another, a young man of the village, and declared she would never marry the old man. Her father, believing that his daughter would ultimately become reconciled to the arrangement made for her, determined to go on with the preliminaries. In Afghanistan it is not the custom for the bride to be present at the marriage ceremonies. The men meet the officiating priest at the usual place for transacting the village business, and arrange all the conditions of the marriage in the absence of the bride; and so on this occasion.

While the father and proposed bridegroom were engaged in these preliminaries previous to the latter claiming his bride, she went with her maid to a high rock overhanging a river which flowed by the village, and having induced her attendant to [illegible] her hands behind with her long [illegible], she threw herself into the river below and was drowned.

When the marriage procession was on its way to the house of the bride's father, for the purpose of taking her away, they saw her body floating in the river below. In Afghanistan, as in most Mohammedan countries, the marriage tie is a light one. Divorce can readily be effected at a mere will and caprice of the husband. Holding up three fingers is a common mode of putting away a disobedient wife.

AN AMAZING FEAST.—A coronation is always signalized by acts of Imperial clemency, and in this respect the ukase issued by Alexander II., of Russia, on the 7th of September, 1856, remains memorable. It granted a complete amnesty to all the political offenders of 1825-'26, and of the Polish rebellion of 1831 who were still in exile or in prison; also pardons to press offenders, military defaulters, and to about 5,000 other individuals in jails.

The Empire was entirely exonerated from military conscription during a term of four years.

A new and more equitable assessment of the poll-tax was decreed. Most of the disabilities which weighed upon the Jews were removed. Thousands of Crown serfs were manumitted and received grants of land. Finally, the children of soldiers who, under the former reign, had been brought up by the State to enter the army were restored to their parents.

[illegible]y wise largesses evoked the [illegible] popular gratitude, insomuch that the Czar began his reign as a people's darling. He was so well aware of this that he conceived the grand idea of giving a banquet to 200,000 of his poorer subjects from Moscow and the adjacent villages in the plains around Petrowski. Preparations were made for this amazing feast by covering a square mile with tables, and the tables with hunks of beef, bread and casks of drinks.

Unluckily, the impatience of the guests did not allow them to wait till the day of the dinner. A flagstaff had been erected in the middle of the plain, and it had been arranged that the signal to "fall-to" should be given by the hoisting of the flag. On the the evening before the day of the feast, while some 20,000 mujiks were loitering round the plain smelling the food, an officer named Minakoff, wishing to try if the ropes of the flagstaff worked well, gave them a tug and sent the bunting flying aloft. A twinkle of an eye the multitude of mujiks swooped upon the table and made a clearance. The Czar laughed when he was told of the matter. "Well, well, so long as they enjoyed themselves that is all I wanted. I am sure he must have feared that they were going to eat him also."

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ANIMALS AND THE ARTS.

IN many of the museums efforts are made to perfect economic collections of animals, so as to show how they can be applied to advantage in the arts and sciences. The collection and preparation of the corals for example, form an important industry. The fossil corals are richly polished and set in studs and sleeve-buttons, forming rich and ornamental objects. The fossil coral that resembles a delicate chain has been often copied by designers, while the red and black corals have long been used. The best fisheries are along the coasts of Tunis, Algeria, and Morocco, from two to ten miles from shore, in from 30 to 150 fathoms. It ranges in color from pure white through all the shades of pink, red, and crimson; the rose-pink is most valued. Large nets are used, which, during the months between March and October, are dragged, dredge like, over the rocks. A large crew will haul in a season from 600 to 900 pounds. To prevent the destruction of the industry the reef is divided into ten parts, only one being worked a year, and by the time the tenth is reached the first is overgrown again with a new growth. In 1873 the Algerian fisheries alone, employing 3,150 men, realized $500,000. The choice grades are always valuable, the finest tints bringing over $5 per ounce, while the small pieces, used for necklaces, and called collette, are worth only $1.50 per ounce. The large oval pieces are sent to China, where they are used as buttons of office by the mandarins. Somewhat similar in appearance to coral is the conch jewelry, set of which have been sold for $300. The tint is exquisite, but liable to fade when exposed to the sun. It is made from the great conch, common in southern Florida and the West Indies. The shells are imported into Europe by thousands, and cut up into studs, sleeve-buttons, and various articles of ornament. These conches are supposed to be the producers of pink pearls, but I have opened hundreds of them and failed to find a single pearl. The conch shell is used by the cameo cutter. Rome and Paris are the principal seats of the trade, and immense numbers of shell cameos are imported by England and America, and mounted in rings, brooches, etc. The one showing a pale salmon-color upon an orange ground is much used. In 1847 300 persons worked upon these shells in Paris alone, the number of shells used being immense. In Paris 300,000 helmet-shells were used in one year, valued at $40,000, of the bull's-mouth, 80,000, averaging a little over 24 cents apiece, equal to $34,000. Eight thousand black helmets were used, valued at $9,000. The value of the large cameos produced in Paris in the year 1847 was about $160,000, and the small ones $40,000. The tools of the worker in cameos are of the most delicate description. Fine files, knitting needle-like implements, triangular-shaped steel cutters, are arranged in assorting [illegible] before the worker. The shell or piece of shell to be cut is either lashed or glued to a heavy block held in the hand, and the face, animal, or other object outlined first with a delicate lead; having thus laid the foundation, the lines are gone over with a delicate needle first, then various kinds, the work gradually growing before the eye, reminding one of the work of the engraver on wood. Insects have always been used more or less in decoration, especially in Brazil, where the richly-colored beetles of the country are affected as articles of personal adornment. Recently in a Union Square jewelry store, a monster beetle was on exhibition, having been sent there for repairs. It was alive, and about its body was a delicate gold band, locked with a minute padlock; a gold chain attached it to the shawl of the owner. Sometimes they are worn upon the headgear, their slow, cumbersome movements preventing them from attracting great attention. They are valued at from $50 to $100 apiece. Snakes, the rich green variety so common in New England, are worn by some ladies as bracelets, while the gorgeous reptiles are often imitated in gold and silver, with eyes of diamonds, rubies, or black pearls. Gold bears are the proper thing now for pins. In the East the chameleon is often worn as a head ornament, the animal rarely moving, and forming at least a picturesque decoration, with its odd shape and sculptured outlines. Various other reptiles, as small turtles, alligators, etc., are pressed and worn. The curious soldier-crab has been used as a pin. Placed in a box with a rich pearly shell prepared for the purpose, it will change houses, and then, secured by a gold or silver chain, roams about the wearer, waving its red and blue claws in a warlike manner. Birds are, perhaps, more commonly used as natural ornaments than any other, and a cloak of the skins of humming-birds is one of the most magnificent objects to be imagined. One of a rare species, was once sold in Europe for $5,000. Single birds are often worth $700 or $900. A cloak of the skin of the great auk would bring $8,000 or $10,000. Some of the most beautiful pheasants are extremely valuable — worth their weight in gold. Tiger claws are used in the decoration of hats, and are extremely valuable and hard to obtain.

***"Every truth has two sides; look at both before committing yourself to either." Kidney-Wort challenges the closest scrutiny of its ingredients and its grand results. It has nothing to fear from truth. Doctors may disagree as to the best methods and remedies, for the cure of constipation and disordered liver and kidneys. But those that have used Kidney-Wort, agree that it is by far the best medicine known. Its action is decidedly prompt, thorough and lasting.

TIME'S THEFTS.

BY SAMUEL LOVER.

Time met Beauty one day in her garden,
Where roses were blooming fair,
Time and Beauty were never good friends,
So she wonder'd what brought him there!
Poor Beauty exclaimed, with a sorrowful air,
"I request, Father Time, my sweet roses you'll spare;"
For Time was going to mow them all down,
While Beauty exclaimed, with her prettiest frown,
"Fie, Father Time!
Oh, what a crime!"

"Well," said Time, "at least let me gather
A few of your roses here;
'Tis part of my pride to be always supplied
With such roses, the whole of the year."
Poor Beauty consented, though half in despair,
And Time, as he went, asked a lock of her hair;
And, as he stole the soft ringlet so bright,
He vowed 'twas for love—but she knew 'twas for spite.
Fie, Father Time!
Oh, what a crime!

Time went on and left Beauty in tears:
He's a tell-tale the world well knows,
So he boasted to all, of the fair lady's fall,
And show'd the lost ringlet and rose.
So shocked was poor Beauty, to think that her fame
Was ruined, though she was to nowise to blame,
That she droop'd, like some flower that's torn from its stime,
And her friends all mysteriously said—"It was time!"
Oh, fie, Father Time!
Oh, what a crime!

ORDER IN CHURCH.

IT may not be known to many that for more than three centuries the duties of awakening sleeping members of congregations and of driving out intruding dogs from churches were discharged by regularly-appointed and salaried officials in various parts of England, and to a more limited extent in this country. These duties, moreover, were often performed by a single individual.

The earliest mention of dog-whipping in connection with religious services which we have noted was in 1550, in which year one churchwarden's books at Louth contain an entry of the payment of twopence "to the bellman for beating the dogges out of the church." The same set of books contain similar entries.

The practice of intrusting to a beadle or some other official the duty of awakening sleeping members of a congregation, seems to have prevailed here more than two centuries ago. In 1646 the Rev. Dr. Samuel Whiting was minister of Lynn, Massachusetts. One Obadiah Turner kept a journal at that time, from which we give the following amusing extract: "1046, June the 3d. Allen Brydges hath bin chose to wake the sleepers in meeting, and being much proud of his place, must need have a fox taile fixed to the end of a long staff, wherewith he may brush the faces of them that have naps in time of discourse; likewise, a sharp thorne, wherewith he may prick those as be moste sounde. On the laste Lord his day, as he strutted about the meeting-house, he did spy Mr. Tomkins sleeping with much comforte, his head kept steadie by being in corner, and his hand grasping the rail. And soe spying, Allen did quicklie thruste his staff behind Dame Ballard, to give him a grievous prick upon the hand. Whereupon Mr. Tomkins did spring up much above the floor, and with terrible force strike his hand against the wall, and also, to the great wonder of all, prophanlie exclaim in a loud voice: 'Buss the woodchuck!' he dreaming, as it seemed, that a woodchuck had seized and bit his hand. But on coneeing to know where he was, and the great scandall he had committed, he seemed much abashed, but did not speak. And I think he will not soon againe go to sleep in meeting. The women sometimes sleep and none know it, by reason of their enormous bonnets. Mr. Whiting does pleasantly say that from the pulpit, he does but seem to be preaching to stacks of straw, with men jotting here and there among them."

The sluggard-waker was known at Warrington, England, as the "bobber." A very masculine kind of woman, named Betty Finch, occupied this position at Holy Trinity Church in 1810. She is said to have walked majestically along the aisles during the service, armed with a long stick like a fishing-rod, which had a "bob" fastened to the end of it. When she detected any one either sleeping or talking, she gave them a "nudge" with her official implement. Her son used to sing:

My father's a clerk,
My sister's a singer,
My mother's the bobber,
And I am a ringer.

Truly, an official, if not an officious family.

Between thirty and forty years ago one of the churchwardens or apparitors of Acton Church, in Cheshire, England, used to go round the church during divine service with a long wand in his hand; and if any of the congregation were asleep, they were instantly awoke by a tap on the head with this staff of office. A similar usage existed at Dunchurch. A person bearing a stout wand, shaped like a hay-fork at the end, stepped stealthily up and down the nave and aisle, and, whenever he saw an individual asleep, he touched him so effectually that the spell was broken—this being sometimes done by fitting the fork to the nape of the neck. A writer states that on one occasion he watched as the sluggard-waker mounted with easy steps into the galleries of that church. At the end of one of them there sat in the front seat a young man who had much the appearance of a farmer, with his mouth open, and his eyes closed—a perfect picture of repose. The official marked him as his own; and, having fitted his fork to the nape of the sleeper's neck, he gave him such a push that, had he not been used to such visitations, he would probably have produced an ejaculation highly out of place on such an occasion. But no; all seemed quiety to acquiesce in the usage; and whatever else they might be dreaming of, they certainly did not dream of any infringment upon the liberties of the subject; nor did they think of applying for a warrant on account of the assault.

Grains of Gold.

Humanity is the equity of the heart.

Pleasure is the reward of admiration.

Speak well of your friends—of your enemies say nothing.

When you bury animosity, never mind putting up a tombstone.

If men do us an evil turn, we write it in marble; if a good one, in dust.

Truth should never strike her topsails in compliment to ignorance or sophistry.

We would willingly have others perfect, and yet we amend not our own faults.

The readiest and best way to find out what future duty will be, is to do present duty.

Be loving, and you will never want for love; be humble, and you will never want for guiding.

Self-abnegation is that rare virtue that good men generally preach, and good women practice.

He that will not look before him will have to look behind him—and probably with some regret.

Hear but one side and you will be in the darkness; hear both sides, and then all will be clear.

Truth only smells sweet forever; and illusions, however innocent, are deadly as the canker-worm.

Lay by a good store of patience, but be sure to put it where you can find it in case of emergency.

When gratitude has become a matter of reasoning, there are numerous ways of escaping from its bonds.

All nature is a vast symbolism. Every material fact has sheathed within it at least one spiritual truth.

No human mind is contented without occupation. No human soul is satisfied without an aim or purpose in life.

The Spartans, notwithstnding their Doric ancestry, prayed the gods to grant them "the beautiful with the good."

Kind words produce their own image in men's souls, and a beautiful image it is. They soothe and comfort the hearer.

The object of all ambition should be to be happy at home. If we are not happy there, we cannot be happy elsewhere.

Envy is a littleness of soul which cannot see beyond a certain point, and if it does not occupy the whole space, feels itself excluded.

Thought engenders thought. Learn to think, and you will learn to write: the more you think the better you will express your ideas.

Be willing to do good in your own way. We need none of us be at all disturbed if we cannot wield another's weapons; but our own must not rust.

Heart is a hope-place, and home is a heart-place, and that man sadly mistaketh who would exchange the happiness of home for anything less than heaven.

It is the habitual thought that frames itself into our life. Our confidential friends have not as much to do in shaping our lives as the thoughts which we harbor.

Beware what you say of others, because you only reveal yourself thereby. A man does not think to look behind the door unless he has some time stood there himself.

Oftener ask than decide questions. This is the way to better your knowledge; your ears teach you, not your tongue. So long as you are ignorant, be not ashamed to be instructed.

You smile when you see a child trying to grasp its own shadow; but how many have been grasping shadows all their lives, and will continue to reach out and grasp as long as breath and eyesight last.

Though you may sleep all day, the sun still shines. Though to you the mountain may be draped in mists, it has not unloosened its granite roots. Though you may be caught amid the swirling snows, the spring is hastening on.

Femininities.

Why shouldn't a girl have her shoes blacked?

The Queen of Greece carries a lap-dog of the King Charles breed.

Those English ladies who affected short hair will give up the fashion.

"What is home without a mother?" What would mother be without a home?

Housekeepers in Kansas cannot keep servant girls, they are in such demand for wives.

Miniature kitchen utensils are the latest thing in cheap jewelry affected by young women.

At a recent examination for clerkships in the London Post-Office 1,500 women presented themselves.

Fresh meat, after beginning to sour, will sweeten if placed out of doors somewhere in the cool over night.

The wearing of red and green together is revived, but both colors must be in decidedly subdued tones.

Something new in teapots is dark blue majolica inlaid with gold and having a heavy gold rope for a handle.

When a Boston young lady wishes to express that she has the "blues," she simply says, "I have azure distemper."

The latest whim is to wear a diamond solitaire in one ear and a ruby or sapphire matching to size and setting in the other.

A French physician says that raw oysters and chicken soup will nourish any girl through at least six disappointments in love.

Salt will curdle new milk, hence in preparing milk, porridge, gravies, etc., the salt should not be added until the dish is prepared.

A woman in mourning wore at a New York theatre the other evening a black turban on which was perched a raven of natural size.

Several Denver women have organized themselves into an industrial association, for the sole purpose of circumventing unscrupulous speculators.

Miniature birds, having the natural plumage, are fastened on the extreme upper left-hand corner of the menu cards used at fashionable dinner parties.

Flowers are but little worn in the corsage in demi-toilet, being replaced by knots of ribbon in hues contrasting with that of the dress, which has a nice effect.

At a certain church on the Avenue, New York, on a recent Sunday, two well-dressed women attracted attention by eating chestnuts throughout the entire service.

A school girl of Skowhegan, Me., who was whipped for not telling what case followed a transitive verb, brought suit against her persecutor, and got $250 damages.

A shoe-dealer in Lewiston, Me., when a young lady purchased of him fifteen pairs of boots and shoes, looked in astonishment until she said she was "going to Asia."

A domestic economist says that "with ordinary prudence any man should be able to support himself and wife, his wife's sister and her mother on $11.50 per week." This is important if true.

A case of domestic scandal under discussion at a tea-table: "Well, let us think the best of her we can," said an elderly spinster. "Yes," said another, "and say the worst—that seems to be the fashion."

A Cincinnati paper states a general truth when it says that those girls who break down in the public schools are not usually the ones who get up in the morning and make their own beds, dust their rooms, and help to wash dishes.

A Louisville lady, seeing another inside a Mother Hubbard bonnet, became exceedingly frightened, thinking she was in the presence of a lunatic. When she learned that the bonnet was fashionable, she immediately ordered one.

A great many pretty girls think it is their sole mission in life to look lovely; they do not consider that they are bound to talk or display anything like intelligence; so long as they dress in a manner to show their beauty off to the best advantage, they are quite satisfied with themselves.

"As for Mrs. So-and-so," remarks one of the guests, in a salon where they are passing their friends under review, "her worst fault is that she is bored wherever she goes." "Her lack of selfishness is a still greater defect," says another, "for she insists on not being the only bored person in the company."

The huge bridal bouquet of white roses is now frequently replaced by a large fan made of gardenias, white star flowers and stephanotis. This fan depends from the right side by either a gold or silver chatelaine, but is raised and carried in the hand in place of the bouquet as the bride enters church or parlor.

It is said that when a dress is ordered of a French dressmaker, the inquiry is made at once, "Is it for a French lady, or an American?" If for the latter, the dress is more showily and elaborately trimmed; if for the former, a plainer style and garniture is chosen. So do the French cunningly outwit us in endeavoring to suit our tastes.

Miss Alice Welch, on being nominated for County Superintendent of Schools in Fulton county, Ill., was escorted to the platform, and made a speech, which was declared the neatest effort of the convention, and caused the rock-rooted men, who thought the nomination of a woman an innovation, to declare that they were captured, and would "vote for the woman."

Much has lately been said in favor of women clerks in Paris. They have not the genius for getting into debt, which is an indication of superiority displayed by their male colleagues. No matter how closely they may restrict themselves to their work from ten to four, the clear-headed, vigorous young girls who are Government clerks are ready enough for society in the evening.

News Notes.

17,000 names were added to the pension rolls last year.

An escaped convict is advertised in Maine as 6 feet 7 inches high.

In India there are 325,000 Protestants and 1,325,000 Roman Catholics.

A Chicago firm slaughters 1,000 cattle daily for the Eastern markets.

Many London ladies crop their hair short and wear an almost entire wig.

The people of the United States eat annually $3,000,000 worth of peanuts.

A society has been formed in Boston to colonize Palestine with Christians.

A recent Atlanta, Ga., sight was a cart drawn by a team of tame alligators.

A telephone has been added to the conveniences of a church in Olean, N. Y.

Herbert Spencer says that a man's conversation is a sure index of his mental capacity.

Hanlan, the champion oarsman, is to become an American citizen and reside in New York.

The dome of the Washington Capital is being painted, and it will take 400cu. tons of white lead.

The American Watch Company of Waltham, Mass., turn out one thousand finished watches daily.

Proctor, the astronomer, has been predicting all along that the world would go to smash about this time.

A Dresden watchmaker has made a paper watch which is said to be as serviceable as those in ordinary use.

The title of "Commodore" has been introduced into the German fleet. It will signify the commander of a station.

It is estimated that between 1200 and 1500 railroad employes are killed every year, and from 5,000 to 10,000 are injured.

Grandpa Prescott, in Iowa, at the age of 90 years, sets type every working day in the composing-room of the Corning Gazette.

There were more people killed and wounded on British railroads last year than in all the British casualties in the Egyptian war.

The illuminated cross to be placed on the summit of the spire to be erected over Grace Church will be seen by mariners coming into port.

Something of a sensation has been caused in New York by the appearance of a private carriage having a dark body and light-blue wheels.

The mysterious origin of twins has been partially disclosed by the Indianapolis citizen who found an infant in a tin pail at the top of a tree.

It is stated that owing to the manner in which she was stared at, the Empress of Austria will not go fox or stag-hunting in England or Ireland again.

Texas reports place the number of sheep in the State at 7,000,000, and estimate the wool crop of the present year to be worth somewhere in the neighborhood of $6,500,000.

A Gotham journal says: "Gustavus Schwackheimer, a German, attempted to commit suicide," etc. The explanation that Gustavus was "a German" was necessary.

A march played at St. Thomas', New York, recently, was composed by the bridegroom expressly for the occasion, and some effort was made to give publicity to the fact.

M. St. Paul, a Paris physician, has offered the French Academy the sum of $5,000 to found a prize for the discovery of a cure for diphtheria. The competition is open to the world.

The wife of the Chinese Minister at Washington is 17 years of age. She does not receive visitors, of course, but with an attendant she drives out occasionally. She is studying the English language.

According to a New York paper, young gentlemen now make evening calls clad in a dress suit—not that they have been or are going to any place in particular, but it's so "so awfully English, you know."

Michael Bryson, of Cincinnati, fell dead in the street. The body was taken to his home, where his sister saw it. She fainted, and could not be restored. Heart disease is said to be the cause of the two deaths.

At the time of his death, which happened last month in California, Daniel Murphy was the largest land owner in the world. He owned 200,000 acres in Nevada and 6,000,000 acres in the State of Durango, Mexico.

The Rev. Dr. Bartlett, a Western importation into a New York pulpit, in a sermon recently described the United States as "bounded on the north by an iceberg, and south by a banana." Very eloquent to say the least.

A church in Chicago has an invalid room in a recess near the pulpit. The occupants can see the preacher, but cannot be seen by the congregation, and may lie on lounges, sit in easy chairs, take food or medicine from a table, walk about, cough, and even leave, without disturbance.

Some months ago a curious freak of nature occurred on the farm of Robert Jackson, a few miles west of Middleville, Mich. In a corner of one of his fields, where there had never been any appearance of water, and where the land was high and dry, a stream of water about the size of a man's body suddenly burst forth. A large oak tree which stood in close proximity was prostrated. The water is highly charged with sulphur.

WHEN YOUR THROAT FEELS SORE AND UNCOMFORTABLE, use promptly Dr. Jayne's Expectorant. It will relieve the air-passages of all phlegm or mucous, allay inflammation, and so give the affected parts a chance to heal. No safer remedy can be had for all Coughs and Colds, or any complaint of the Throat or Lungs, and if taken in time, a brief trial will prove its efficacy.

"Presenting the Bride" Heard From

Port Oxford, Oregon, August 20, 82.

Editor Post—I received the picture, "Presenting the Bride," in due time, and all who have seen it are delighted with it. You may look for some subscribers from me shortly, as many of my friends expressed a desire to subscribe, and how could they feel otherwise, with such a paper, and such a premium?

J. W. C.

Oquawka, Ill., August 22, '82.

Editor Saturday Evening Post—The picture, "Presenting the Bride," has come to hand, and in good condition. I am much pleased with it, indeed. I have shown it to some of my neighbors, and they all unite with me in voting it beautiful. Will send you some subscribers soon.

H. E. C.

Missentown, D. C., August 12, '82.

Editor Post—The picture premium, "Presenting the Bride," received. It is beautiful, and I am very much pleased with it. All who have seen the picture think it is just superb. Expect to get you numerous subscribers in a few days.

K. L. O'N.

Clinton, Ia., August 30, '82.

Editor Post—Your premium, "Presenting the Bride," came to hand all right. I cannot find language to express my thanks to you for the beautiful premium. I have received many premiums, but yours leads them all. Will send some subscriptions soon.

M. C.

Stratford, August 24, '82.

Editor Saturday Evening Post—I received the beautiful picture, "Presenting the Bride," in due time, and am very much pleased with it. It is far ahead of my most sanguine expectations. Shall see what I can do for you in the way of subscribers.

W. H. H.

Chehalis, Wash. Ter., August 13, '82.

Editor Post—Have received my picture, "Presenting the Bride," and was surprised at its marvelous beauty. I am well pleased with it. I have shown it to several of my friends, and all say it is the handsomest and most valuable premium they ever saw.

A. M.

Pearsal, Tex., August 12, '82.

Editors Post—I received my premium for The Post, for which accept thanks. It is the most beautiful premium I ever saw.

U. S. P.

Chattanooga, August 17, '82.

Editor Post—I received your premium picture yesterday all sound, and am very much pleased with it. It is far ahead of the premiums usually offered by newspapers, and certainly ought to bring you many subscribers. Am quite proud of it.

W. E. B.

Verndale, Minn., August 12, '82.

Editor Post—I received my Photo-Oleograph, "Presenting the Bride," and think it very beautiful. Had it framed and hung up two hours after its arrival. It is admired by everybody.

F. K. B.

Jamestown, Ind., August 13, '82.

Editor Post—I received my premium last night, and think it very beautiful. I will with pleasure aid you in raising your subscription list, and I think I can get a great many subscribers for you.

I. F. D.

Peconic, La., August 18, '82.

Editor Post—The premium picture, "Presenting the Bride" received, and I consider it grand. I have shown it to several of my friends, and each and every one of them pronounce it beautiful.

O. G. P.

Berlinton, Ind., August 16, '82.

Editor Saturday Evening Post—My beautiful premium Photo-Oleograph, "Presenting the Bride," came duly to hand, and it is even better than you claimed it to be. I will see what I can do for you in the way of new subscribers.

G. W. H.

Makand, Pa., August 17, '82.

Editor Post—I have received premium, "Presenting the Bride." It far surpasses my most sanguine expectations—perfectly lovely! Will get some subscribers for you.

I. L.

York, Pa., August 14, '82.

Editor Post—"Presenting the Bride" was delivered to me yesterday, and am highly pleased with it. We consider it a gem. Have given it a conspicuous place in our gallery for the inspection of our friends.

J. W. S.

Leesburgh, Kans., August 12, '82.

Editor Saturday Evening Post—Paper and premium received. THE POST is a splendid literary journal. And the picture is very handsome. Am greatly pleased with it. Everyone who has seen the picture considers it grand.

G. G.

Columbiaville, Mich., August 12, '82.

Editor Post—Your premium, "Presenting the Bride," is indeed a beautiful gift of art, and cannot fail to please the most fastidious. Many thanks.

F. S. M.

Belvidere, Pa., August 18, '82.

Editor Saturday Evening Post—Your magnificent premium picture, "Presenting the Bride," at hand, and think it very beautiful. I am greatly pleased with it, and thank you very much for such a beautiful present. I have shown it to quite a number of people, and they all say it is the prettiest and richest premium they have ever had the pleasure of beholding. Will do all that lies in my power to increase your subscription list.

W. F. S.

Mount Pleasant, August 21, '82.

Editor Saturday Evening Post—Your premium picture, "Presenting the Bride," was duly received, and am more than pleased with it. It is by far the handsomest picture I ever saw.

C. L.

THE WONDERFUL EFFICACY —OF— DR. SCHENCK'S MANDRAKE PILLS

has been so frequently and satisfactorily proven that it seems almost superfluous to say anything more in their favor. The immense and constantly increasing demand for them, both in this and foreign countries, is the best evidence of their value. Their sale to-day in the United States is far greater than any other cathartic medicine. This demand is not spasmodic, it is regular and steady. It is not of to-day or yesterday, it is an increase that has been steadily growing for the last thirty-five years. What are the reasons for this great and growing demand? Dr. Schenck's Mandrake Pills contain no mercury, and yet they act with wonderful effect upon the liver. They cleanse the stomach and bowels of all irritating matter, which, if allowed to remain, poisons the blood and brings on Malaria, Chills and Fever, and many other diseases. They give health and strength to the digestive organs. They create appetite and give vigor to the whole system. They are in fact the medicine of all others which should be taken in times like the present, when malarial and other epidemics are raging, as they prepare the system to resist the attacks of disease of every character.

TAKE SCHENCK'S MANDRAKE PILLS if you have Sick Headache.

TAKE SCHENCK'S MANDRAKE PILLS if you have Bad Breath.

TAKE SCHENCK'S MANDRAKE PILLS if you feel Drowsy.

TAKE SCHENCK'S MANDRAKE PILLS if your Tongue is coated.

TAKE SCHENCK'S MANDRAKE PILLS if your Bowels are Costive.

TAKE SCHENCK'S MANDRAKE PILLS if you have Diarrhœa.

TAKE SCHENCK'S MANDRAKE PILLS if your Skin is Yellow.

TAKE SCHENCK'S MANDRAKE PILLS if you have Taken Cold.

TAKE SCHENCK'S MANDRAKE PILLS if you have the Blues.

TAKE SCHENCK'S MANDRAKE PILLS if you have been Drinking.

TAKE SCHENCK'S MANDRAKE PILLS if your Liver is Torpid.

TAKE SCHENCK'S MANDRAKE PILLS if you are Bilious.

TAKE SCHENCK'S MANDRAKE PILLS if you have a Bad Taste in Your Mouth.

TAKE SCHENCK'S MANDRAKE PILLS if you have a Pain in your Shoulder-blade.

TAKE SCHENCK'S MANDRAKE PILLS if you Have Chills and Fever.

TAKE SCHENCK'S MANDRAKE PILLS if you have Sick Headache.

TAKE SCHENCK'S MANDRAKE PILLS if you have Bad Breath.

TAKE SCHENCK'S MANDRAKE PILLS if you feel Drowsy.

TAKE SCHENCK'S MANDRAKE PILLS if your Tongue is Coated.

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TAKE SCHENCK'S MANDRAKE PILLS if you have Diarrhœa.

TAKE SCHENCK'S MANDRAKE PILLS if your Skin is Yellow.

TAKE SCHENCK'S MANDRAKE PILLS if you Have Taken Cold.

TAKE SCHENCK'S MANDRAKE PILLS if you have the Blues.

TAKE SCHENCK'S MANDRAKE PILLS if you want your Stomach Thoroughly Cleansed.

TAKE SCHENCK'S MANDRAKE PILLS if you Have Symptoms of Dropsy.

TAKE SCHENCK'S MANDRAKE PILLS if your Appetite is Poor.

TAKE SCHENCK'S MANDRAKE PILLS if you Want to Feel Well and Lively.

TAKE SCHENCK'S MANDRAKE PILLS if you feel Drowsy in the Morning.

TAKE SCHENCK'S MANDRAKE PILLS if you Cannot Sleep.

TAKE SCHENCK'S MANDRAKE PILLS if your Liver Does Not Act.

TAKE SCHENCK'S MANDRAKE PILLS if you have a Pain in the Stomach.

TAKE SCHENCK'S MANDRAKE PILLS if you feel that everything goes wrong.

TAKE SCHENCK'S MANDRAKE PILLS if you want Good Digestion.

TAKE SCHENCK'S MANDRAKE PILLS if you have Worms.

TAKE SCHENCK'S MANDRAKE PILLS if you Want to Prevent Typhoid Fever.

TAKE SCHENCK'S MANDRAKE PILLS if you have Eaten too much Fruit.

TAKE SCHENCK'S MANDRAKE PILLS if you want your Stomach Thoroughly Cleansed.

TAKE SCHENCK'S MANDRAKE PILLS if your Appetite is Poor.

TAKE SCHENCK'S MANDRAKE PILLS if you want to feel Well and Lively.

TAKE SCHENCK'S MANDRAKE PILLS if you feel Drowsy in the Morning.

TAKE SCHENCK'S MANDRAKE PILLS if you Cannot Sleep.

TAKE SCHENCK'S MANDRAKE PILLS if your Liver Does Not Act.

TAKE SCHENCK'S MANDRAKE PILLS if you have a Pain in the Stomach.

SCHENCK'S PULMONIC SYRUP, a positive Cure for Consumption.

SCHENCK'S SEAWEED TONIC, for Dyspepsia and Debility.

SCHENCK'S MANDRAKE PILLS for all Bilious complaints.

For sale by all Druggists.

TAKE a dose of Schenck's Mandrake Pills if you are going on a sea voyage.

TAKE a dose of Schenck's Mandrake Pills if you are going on a sea voyage.

TAKE a dose of Schenck's Mandrake Pills if you want to make a good bargain.

TAKE a dose of Schenck's Mandrake Pills if you want to make a good bargain.

TAKE a dose of Schenck's Mandrake Pills if you feel melancholy.

TAKE a dose of Schenck's Mandrake Pills if you feel melancholy.

TAKE Schenck's Mandrake Pills if you have been drinking too much.

TAKE Schenck's Mandrake Pills if you want to get up early in the morning.

TAKE Schenck's Mandrake Pills if you feel dull and heavy.

TAKE Schenck's Mandrake Pills if your stomach is out of order.

TAKE Schenck's Mandrake Pills if you are troubled with water brash.

TAKE Schenck's Mandrake Pills if you have the jaundice.

TAKE Schenck's Mandrake Pills if you are troubled with dull headache.

TAKE Schenck's Mandrake Pills if you have a sour stomach.

TAKE Schenck's Mandrake Pills if your appetite is poor.

TAKE Schenck's Mandrake Pills if you have a sick stomach.

TAKE Schenck's Mandrake Pills if you have pain in the breast.

TAKE Schenck's Mandrake Pills if you have palpitation of the heart.

TAKE Schenck's Mandrake Pills if you have boils or ulcers.

TAKE Schenck's Mandrake Pills if you have pain across the loins.

TAKE Schenck's Mandrake Pills if you have the gravel.

TAKE Schenck's Mandrake Pills if you want to regulate your bowels.

TAKE Schenck's Mandrake Pills if you have liver complaints.

TAKE Schenck's Mandrake Pills if you have palpitation of the heart.

TAKE Schenck's Mandrake Pills if you have the graves.

TAKE Schenck's Mandrake Pills if you have pain across the loins.

TAKE Schenck's Mandrake Pills if you are bilious.

TAKE Schenck's Mandrake Pills if you want your liver thoroughly cleansed.

TAKE a dose of Schenck's Mandrake Pills if you feel dizzy-headed.

TAKE Schenck's Mandrake Pills if you want your stomach to make good blood.

TAKE Schenck's Mandrake Pills if you get to talking and forget what you are talking about.

SCHENCK'S MANDRAKE PILLS are prepared only by DR. J. H. SCHENCK & SON, Philadelphia, Pa., and sold by Druggists everywhere. Price, twenty-five cents per box.

DR. SCHENCK'S MANDRAKE PILLS

Do not produce sickness at the stomach nausea or griping. On the contrary, they are so mild and agreeable in their action that a person suffering with sick headache, sour stomach, or pain in the bowels, is speedily relieved of these distressing symptoms. They act directly on the liver, the organ which, when in a healthy condition, purifies the blood for the whole body.

In all cases of Liver Complaint or Dyspepsia, when there is great weakness or debility, DR. SCHENCK'S SEAWEED TONIC should be used in connection with these Pills.

Dr. Schenck's Medicines:

Mandrake Pills,

Seaweed Tonic,

and Pulmonic Syrup,

Are sold by all Druggists, and full directions for their use are printed on the wrappers of every package. His Book on Consumption, Liver Complaint and Dyspepsia, is sent free to all, postpaid. Address Dr. J. H. Schenck & Son, Philadelphia, Pa.

The Orchestrion Harmonette.

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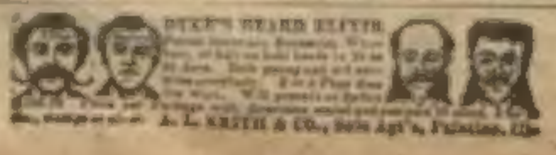

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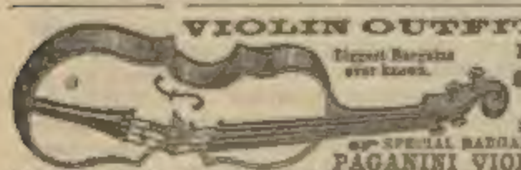

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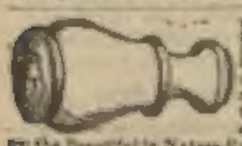

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Ladies' Department.

FASHION CHAT.

THERE are no more fashionable materials at present than soft woolen fabrics in large chequers of two or more colors; dresses made of these materials are worn during the morning and afternoon for walking, shopping, and visiting.

For walking costumes the principal materials are plaids for the skirts and braided cloth for the corsages, or else cloth for the whole costume.

Amongst the many different ways of using the latter one may be named that is both easy and ingenious.

Over a skirt of plain cloth place rows of wide mohair braid in straight lines from the top to the edge, putting the rows very close together.

Then a short distance from the edge unravel the braid and let it fall in a light wavy fringe round the skirt.

Add a drapery of cloth across the front, reaching only a short distance down and finishing in two short puffs at the back. Then for the corsage there is a white waistcoat front, buttoned with tiny little pug-dogs' heads, the Louis XIII. corsage being lined with glace silk of some bright color, fastened closely at the neck and then left loose over the waistcoat, showing with the movement of the body just a tint of the lining now and again.

The back of the corsage is tight fitting, having the little pleats on the small side seams like those on a man's coat.

Three rows of braiding border the corsage on the basques, and are continued up the front to the neck.

This is really a very elegant and perfectly ladylike dress, and for those who, either from motives of economy or because they fancy the white waistcoat a little too showy, would prefer something else, the same material as the dress can be used in a precisely similar way.

The trimming on the skirt could also be varied and yet the idea preserved. For instance, the skirt could be made with pleats, leaving between each pleat a space equal to them in size, and then putting the braid in the spaces, fraying it just the same at the edge, which with the loose pleats will give still more fulness to the skirt.

Costumes handsomely braided in very rich designs are the elegancies, so to speak, of the season, but unfortunately some of them are rather expensive: this, however, is not astonishing when we consider the immense amount of labor they entail and the exquisite work they require, to say nothing of the cost of designing, by no means an unimportant item with elaborate toilettes.

So much attention has lately been paid to what are called robes d' appartement, and they have attained to such a degree of luxury, that two of unusual richness are quoted to give our readers an idea of the house dresses of a wealthy Parisian elegante.

One is of amber Indian silk, the skirt ornamented with a deep flounce put on in small spaced gatherings falling over a pleating which is edged with a double row of blond of the same amber tint.

With this skirt there is a Princess corsage of seabious plush, having very full paniers and a large puff at the back, with loops of amethyst satin intermixed.

The amethyst satin collar has a collarette of amber blond, and the elbow-sleeves are trimmed with the same lace.

All the thousand and one flowerings that have been seen on cambrics are now reproduced in embroidery on autumn materials, the embroidery being worked either with silk or wool, according to the fabric and the style of dress required.

Beads and chenille will also be used for the same purpose for handsomer toilettes. In fact, a blending of very great richness with extreme simplicity will be remarked as the winter approaches.

Most of the simple flowered materials will have corsages of a plain fabric in one of the prominent colors, the following dress serving as a good example:

The fine woolen fabric, a sort of pebble shade, is flowered with grenat leaves, worked in wool, the skirt being box-pleated in its full length: the corsage in grenat cloth, with collar and revers of grenat velvet, has buttons of the right pebble color resembling onyxes.

This costume is completed by a Breconnier hat of grenat straw trimmed with grouse plumage, and the shoes are of the fashionable Russian leather.

There is a large number of corsages now to select from of every conceivable cut.

There is the Hussar corsage, and that called the Prince of Wales, which are tightly moulded to the figure, with sportsman-like pockets: a second variety of Hussar corsage is richly braided with very artistic patterns; then the St. Cyrian must be noticed a kind of fancy corsage with braided collar and parements, made of velvet or of cloth harmonizing with the St. Cyr blue cloth.

Another corsage which will take the lead over many is the "Chasse," which can be made of the same or a different material and color from the skirt.

Indeed, just now, fancy holds full sway, and so much the better if only novelty and taste go hand-in-hand.

With this endless variety of jackets velvet skirts will be the order of the day for winter wear, with vertugadin paniers in satin of the same shade with broche flowers or sometimes in satin of a totally opposite color.

A costume with a velvet skirt is blue in color, and cut in large square tabs edged with blue satin, falling over old Louis XIV. guipure, under which is a thick puffing of sky-blue satin to set out the lace and give the necessary fulness to the edge of the skirt.

The Abeille corsage, in blue velvet, with long tapering points, has satin paniers coming from it which are edged with the same Louis XIV. guipure, large guipure braces reaching down to the commencement of the paniers.

The elbow sleeves have a deep guipure trimming, finished off with blue satin bows, and down the front of the bodice, in place of the usual jabot of lace, there is a string of blue satin bows extending to the point.

Blue plush would look exquisite substituted for the velvet, the plain plush so much used last year.

The new plush is certainly not pretty, yet it will as certainly be worn; in appearance this plush exactly resembles a spaniel that has been bathed but not dried, a chien mouille in fact.

Moire damasks, with skirts of moire antique, are very fashionable this year for rich bridal toilettes.

The flowers shine out richly from the background with beautiful effect, so that trimming of any kind but coquilles of lace mixed with a few orange blossoms is strictly interdicted.

The richness of the material allows a return to the severe simplicity of bridal dress of former days, falling in grand and dignified but chaste folds, and as a rule extreme elaboration of style is carefully avoided; for the slightest attempt at drapery is accompanied, of course, with interruptions in the beautiful shining pattern.

The bridal veil, thrown back, is usually of silk tulle edged with narrow lace.

The long veil draping the face and enveloping the whole figure of the bride is going out of fashion, and it is regretted by many though it is found a little encumbering.

For the present the veil hanging behind has decidedly the preference.

Among the newest toilettes is one of nut-brown satin with brown velvet brocaded with gold flowers.

This velvet is very rich and perfectly new.

The skirt is of pleated satin, with large drapings of brown velvet. The tunic is composed of the broche velvet, is flat, and has a nut-brown chenille and silk ball fringe falling over the skirt, the tunic terminating in a very large puff at the back. The corsage, of brown velvet, opens over a waistcoat of the broche, and has three tabs the basque in front and the same number at the back.

Another very pretty costume can be made of a blue woolen material and faille of the same shade.

The faille skirt should have a deep pleating, kept flat in front, but let loose, and slashed at the back with a gathered robing on the right side coming from the flounce and making a drapery up the skirt.

Large grey felt hats will be much worn with wide brims turned up at the side. The trimming for these grey felts should be of the same shade, that is to say, the velvet lining the brim, and the long gauze veil twisted round the crown and then coiled about the neck, even to the little ring-dove posed on the gauze quite near the edge of the brim in front.

All is grey, steel-grey, of a transparent poetic shade, soft as a vapor of the ocean.

Fireside Chat.

THE newest design for colored table-cloths is one of birds on the wing. They are worked in filoselles in raised stitch, the eyes being represented by iridescent beads.

In one recently imported from Kensington owls are in two corners and swallows in flight in the corresponding ones.

Scrap-baskets are now in the shape of vases with one or two handles, and the favorite decoration is by means of a handsome bow, a bunch of flowers, or a group of tiny birds.

Bureau covers are now made in crash, a design of leaves and flowers being generally worked in linen floss.

They can be washed, and on this account have much to recommend them. The work is usually solid, and they are finished off by an insertion of drawn work and fringe.

In England arrasene has lost its popularity, while here, on the contrary, it is the most fashionable of all embroidery materials.

Table covers and portiere borders are there worked in scroll patterns in raised work. A preference is given to geometrical and arabesque designs.

The latest fashion in d'oylies for meat dishes is to have a design of uncooked vegetables worked in filosello or crewels in the natural colors.

Wood baskets are decorated in many fanciful ways, the most popular being by hangings upon the one side of deep garnet, a crimson sateen, with fringe of the same color, and a motto worked in Kensington stitch, "Heap on more wood, the wind is chill," while on the other side a collection of fir cones serves as ornament.

The latest quilt for a baby's bed, is made of triangular pieces of colored silks, joined together by feather stitch embroidery in gold-colored filosette. It is lined throughout with white sateen.

Plush-covered frames are decorated with small beads or tiny brass-headed nails, or by painting a spray of apple or orange blossoms in one of the upper corners and a bird upon the corresponding one at the bottom.

Fashionable bed-quilts are now of satin richly embroidered.

The centre, for instance, of heavy white satin, upon which a design of flowers and leaves is embroidered, surrounding a monogram.

A bordering of baby blue satin about eighteen inches in width, has a running design in white silk, and each corner is embroidered in a different pattern in similar stitch.

Transparencies for windows are made either of what is called "architects' paper" or of very thin muslin which has been coated over with liquid wax and left to dry. The best way to paint it is to stretch it over a frame in the same way as a piece of embroidery and in that position trace out the design.

Transparent colors only are used, mixed with gold size and a little turpentine.

Imitation stained glass is becoming very popular, especially for houses where the view from the back windows is of a blank wall or neighbor's yard, with its weekly display of linen.

Square tables are now fashionable for dining-rooms; usually they are supported upon one central column extending into carved lions' heads, breasts, and feet. Mahogany is coming into favor again.

Lambrequins for parlor mantels are of the fashionable terra cotta shade of plush, embroidered in geometrical designs; those for bed-rooms are of raw silk with insertion of colored satin and fringe to match the insertion.

The latest novelty in tea-table cloths is to have them of fine crash, with a border design of quaint tea-cups, and in the centre a time-piece, the hands pointing to 5 o'clock. Usually the embroidery is carried out in blue filosette.

Geometrical designs are now the most fashionable for all small articles; d'oyells, for instance, are left quite plain in the centre, and in each corner a double triangle or interlacing circlets or squares are worked.

Plaques of hammered metal are mounted upon deep-toned velvets and then framed with narrow beadings of ebonized work. The most popular designs are Moorish or Arabesque.

Those who are in the secret of such things assert that Moorish designs are to be universally adopted in decoration.

A novel decoration for the unsightly transom-windows which disfigure many rooms in city houses is made by filling in the space with deep-colored damask paper, upon which raised paper figures are laid.

The figures, which are of every variety, can be bought singly for 25 cents at any of the leading wall-paper and decorations' establishments.

Æsthetic hat stands are the thing now in small houses.

A common iron umbrella stand is fitted in a corner of the hall, and above it a framework of common wood is nailed against the wall and ebonized.

Upon each side of this frame brass hooks for the hats are arranged, and in the centre a beveled looking-glass is fitted, while from the umbrella stand itself a little curtain is hung in easy folds from a small brass rod fastened upon brackets on either side.

Handsome tidies are made by stitching cretonne figures of bright tints upon dark-colored plush with gold thread or narrow gold braid.

Cord of mixed color is sewn around the edge and a heavy tassel depends from each corner.

A novel use of outline stitch is in fashion. The ordinary Nottingham lace tidy is transformed by its aid into a piece of decorative needle-work. Upon the centre, which is usually plain, figures are worked in filosette or crewels, while the bordering, which is generally of geometrical or fancy design, is outlined in the same materials, in all colors the centre of a circle or square being often worked in beads.

The fashionable arrasene, which figures so conspicuously in embroidery this winter, is now used to decorate the plush frames for beveled mirrors. Designs are worked across the top and bottom, and are exceedingly effective.

Correspondence.

BONNIE, (Morristown, N. J.)—Your lines are very good, but we cannot promise to insert them. We do not think you have the heart disease, but you are evidently of a very nervous temperament. Take plenty of air and exercise, and avoid as much as possible all sedentary occupation. Practice this for a few weeks, and your will find nervousness decrease. Your writing may be considerably improved.

SAM S., (Crawford, Pa.)—That is a theory which has been advanced by some distinguished modern scientists. They say that the moon was thrown off by the earth when it was in a less solidified state than now: that for a long time the moon was close by the earth: but gradually receded: that the height of the tides was in a certain ratio to the distance of the moon from the earth: and that originally it was very great, perhaps reaching six or seven hundred feet. This theory is not accepted by all the scientists.

A. SMITH, (Camden, N. J.)—The gutta percha is cut into slices, torn into fragments by machinery, washed, softened by steam heat, kneaded with powerful steam-driven rollers, during which operation various substances, such as india rubber, sulphur, chrome, and vermillion are incorporated with it, and finally, while still warm, it is pressed into any desired shape, which it retains on cooling. Such articles as you describe are often made of ebonite, which is vulcanized india rubber with a very large proportion of sulphur. Gutta percha is used most largely for insulating telegraph wires.

J. H., (Pittston, Pa.)—If one of the parties introduced is much older than the other, it is proper for the younger person to allow the elder to take the lead in conversation. If one is a distinguished public personage, then he has the precedence. If one is a lady and the other a gentleman, of equal social standing, then the lady is permitted to lead. But if the lady be young or inexperienced, so that she is not ready to lead off in such an emergency, then the gentleman should make it easy for her by saying how pleased he is to make her acquaintance, and by such other remarks as will help to put her at her ease.

JAMES, (Crawford, Wis.)—We think you have made a mistake. Devereux, Earl of Essex, was the son of Walter, Earl of Essex. You mean Thomas Cromwell, the first Earl of Essex, who was the son of a blacksmith at Putney. He went in early life to Antwerp as a clerk, and on his return to England took service under Cardinal Wolsey, and obtained a seat in Parliament, and on the disgrace of the Cardinal became chief adviser to Henry VIII., who in recognition of his services made him Earl of Essex. He had the misfortune, however, to offend the king, and was beheaded for high treason and heresy in 1540.

Miss M., (Philadelphia, Pa.)—We have never heard of the book you name, nor do we believe such a one is in existence. You seemed to have mixed up the story of Valentine and Orson (the latter of whom is said to have been brought up by a bear) with that of Romulus and Remus. These latter are given in history as the founders of Rome and tradition says that they were suckled by a wolf. Another story is that the twin brothers were found in a cradle, floating on the Tiber, by Faustulus, a shepherd, who took them home and confided them to the care of his wife, Lupa. Lupa, being the Latin feminine for wolf, accounts for the tradition.

K. L. R., (Tracy, O.)—You must bear in mind that a love given unsought is never appraised at its true value; and if you suffer your feelings to overcome your prudence; you may have to endure a mortification that will be all the more bitter from the reflection that you have only yourself to blame. To the second question, we should suggest that the present to the intended bride should be a tea-service, or some ornaments for the mantel-piece or table. They are inexpensive, and, with ordinary care, lasting. The duties of a bridesmaid are very simple—to assist in attiring the bride for the ceremony, to attend her to church, and to make yourself as agreeable and merry as you can during the time you are in her company.

M. S., (New York, N. Y.)—Perhaps, as a rule, she ought not to be blamed, although her unexplained laughter might sometimes occasion others great annoyance. People should govern their moods so as not to do such unseemly things. A young lady lost a fortune by an untimely fit of laughter. Her uncle, whose heiress she was to have been, was telling of a sad incident in his life, and she, happening to think of a ludicrous occurrence that took place the day before burst into laughter just as he came to the most touching part of the story. The old gentleman was so touched by her seemingly heartless levity that he altered his will, and gave her a mere pittance in place of the fortune he had intended to bestow upon her. So you had better look out and not lose a fortune by unseemly laughter.

STUDENT, (Philadelphia, Pa.)—This is one of those cases in which you can take your choice. Following the usual rule in pronouncing names and places—to wit, the manner in which they are pronounced in the country to which they belong—Khedive is pronounced in three syllables, thus: Ka-de-ve, the first e sounded like in meet, the second like e in met; but common usage gives it only two syllables—Ka-deev. People who have taken the trouble to go all the way to Egypt, usually pronounce the word Ka-de-ve, probably to show that they have gained something by their journey: but the usage of good speakers makes the ordinary pronunciation correct. If a syllable in Latin is marked "long," its vowel has, of course, the open sound. The rhythmical accent, as a general rule, comes on a long syllable, but every long syllable is not accented.

HISTORICUS, (Grundy, Tenn.)—Their method of procedure is easily understood. Suppose some moldy old manuscript should be discovered which purported to have been written in the days of Herod, and which should give, among other things, a totally new version of the massacre of the little children in Bethlehem, and profess to throw new light on various historical matters. Suppose that in this seemly ancient manuscript there should be found such words as wampum, succotash, maize, tomahawk, and other words that we have received from such a modern nation as ours is a Greek form, that is, spelled out with Greek letters as well as it could be done. Do you not see how absolutely the presence of such words, or their equivalents, would prove the old manuscript to be an imposition, and show that it was not written till after the discovery of America, because it was not till then that the words wigwam, wampum, etc., became known to the inhabitants of the old world? The presence of even one of these words in the manuscript would be sufficient to expose the falsity of its claim to have been written in the days of Herod.